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Reader's Digest/July 17 JULY 2013

Little White Lies

Truth & Movies

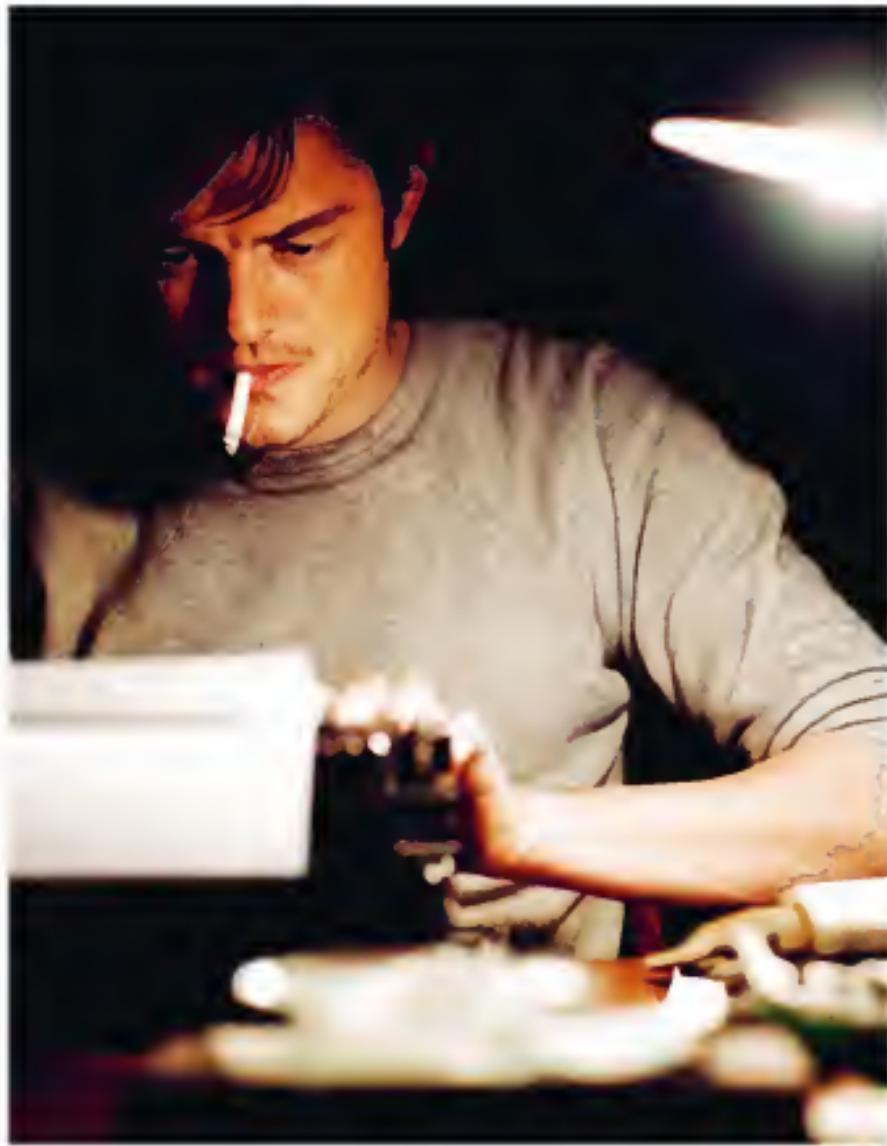
On the Road



ACT



“DON’T STOP,
DON’T STOP,
DON’T STOP.”



On the Road

Directed by WALTER SALLES

Starring GARETT HEDLUND, SAM EILEY, KRISTEN STEWART

Released OCTOBER 13

LEAD REVIEW

WALTER SALLES' REVERENT ADAPTATION OF THIS AMERICAN CLASSIC STRIKES A DISCORDANT NOTE.

It emerged like music from the clattering rhythm of a typewriter, a symphony of turbulent youth and ferkorn adventure. But it moved to its own beat - the peregrination of leather on gospel. Jack Kerouac may have captured a moment but he didn't contain it. *On the Road* was the book that became a journey, a rite of passage for a generation with their eyes on the horizon. It was the story that continued to move. The rhythm that continued to beat.

But buster and buster. Written in 1951 but only published six years later, *On the Road*'s relationship with its own era was never straightforward. Its success precipitated Kerouac's own decline, stripping him of the outsider status that fuelled his work. Half a century later, it may still be part of the hipster travel bag, but age has turned its adolescence into something more like nostalgia, if not cliché.

Kerouac, of course, wasn't the only figure from the '60s counterculture to find himself absorbed by the establishment. He loathed Che Guevara (and a similar fate, which is why it makes sense that this long delayed adaptation should fall to Walter Salles, director of *The Motorcycle Diaries*). In retrospect, that amount of Che's early

years looks like a gearing ground, a template even, for how to tackle the supposedly 'unfilmable' nuances of Kerouac's novel.

But there are crucial differences. Where *The Motorcycle Diaries* felt its way around the edges of Che's life, informing and foreshadowing the events to come, *On the Road* is the central event of Kerouac's career. The challenge for Salles is to illuminate this story without fixing it, to capture but not cage it within the dimensions of a cinema screen.

Not for all the tragic grandeur of Garrett Hedlund's Dean Moriarty, or the sun-blushed sensibility of Kristen Stewart (inner better than she is here), for all the sweat and youth and vitality littering against the screen, *On the Road* can neither transport nor transend. In straining to fit the limitations of cinema, it cuts Kerouac's novel down to size, reduces what it attempts to immortalise. But perhaps it humanises, too.



Mindful of Bill Lurk's approach that 'translation is treason', Salles and his screenwriter José Rivera have adapted *On the Road* with shaded reverence. It's a kinetic thing, vivid and muscular, that brings back and



farther between San Francisco and New York, with interlusions in Louisiana, Canada and a Mexican bar.

New York is home to Sal Paradise (Stan Lee), a French Canadian writer who stands on the threshold of the 1950s with "the world feeling that everything is dead". He was with a bohemian crowd of drifts and jockeys, poets of disillusion like Carlo Marx (Chris Harris), who "never say or do a uncommon thing", but dream of creating a new world to house their alienation.

They find inspiration in Dean Moriarty (Bob Dylan) and, perhaps, his appetites drive them out beyond the city, into America, where Sal's story drifts in the air currents of Oldenpoldas and Baffolds, in the company of gifers and migrants. There's a loose narrative about Dean's infatuation with the teenage Marylou (Steve), the way he picks her up and flicks her aside for a new sweet heart, Caulie (Kirsten Dunst), then betrays her as well. How the passion in Dean's eyes is eventually shown to be something closer to grief. How he slips away from Sal, too, and how both disappear from view.

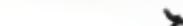
And yet, for all its histrionics and clichés, *On the Road* is a celebration of that intermission. It's a film of fantastical arrivals and swift departures, of fast images and slow afternoons. Sal, Dean and Marylou may be racing towards self destruction, but they never slow down. The world is permeated by their raw, wild energy.

That doesn't make Salier film a traditional road movie. *On the Road* isn't about travel; it's about life – the road is simply the medium of Sal's, and therefore Kerouac's, story. At the movie's opening, some suggest, Kerouac expressed his intent, in his words, to write his life onto the landscape and punctuate it with the intermissions of other lives, other stories.

“Finally, this film and these people that burn, burn, burn simply fizz out. And you realise this moment was over before Kerouac even set it down on paper. He was writing an obituary.”



That makes the film patchwork and episodic, but it also makes *On the Road* a rich assemblage, with memorable cameos from Viggo Mortensen as Old Bill Lee, Alice Braga as a migrant library maid, and Steve Buscemi as a night-train companion who shares an eye-widening night with Dean.



So what is it about *On the Road* that falls short? That feels so... limited? It's partly that watching somebody else try to never never never experiencing it yourself. At some point in the wokening of roads of lambsheep slipping by, the movie becomes a kind of photograpic post card, and fails to provoke much. There's also the wearying sense that Sal and Carlo are a bit pale in smart, quite-as-fancy-quite-as-fascinating-as-they-want-to-be. And that Dean has, well, doesn't help that. Sure, Johnnys is an unusually 'performing' Kerouac voice, which results in much of this dialogue sounding laboured.

There is, above all, a kind of knowing reference to Sal's obligation – a sense that *On the Road* has been lifted to the same hemispherical gift to life, not because it needs to be. And so the film quotes from Kerouac's life and work with the same academic disjunction that Sal and Dean display towards Proust's *Searcher* Way, which accompanies them back and forth from coast to coast.

Dean quotes from the book at one point: "Why, what is in the world should we care for if not our lives, the only gift the Lord never offers in a mortal time?" And it's hard to decide if those characters are profigate or truly blessed, believers or apostates. Certainly the women in their lives are both worshipped and rejected. Whatever the charms of Marylou

or Caulie, it's never enough to anchor their men; because they can't extinguish the fire that drives them away and back again as they're left to deal with the gray confuses that burn between the tracks of his department. Until, finally, this film and these people that burn burn, burn simply fizz out. And you realize, as Sal bags a seat, says goodbye to Dean for the last time and sits in front of his Underwood with a packed cigar case and a bottle of whisky, that this moment was over before Kerouac even set it down on paper. He was already writing an obituary for something the rest of the world didn't even know had been born.

What does that make this version of *On the Road*? A memoir, perhaps. A fitting monument to something passed, notably soliloquy but about its own spark of life. A film fixed unwillingly on its own rear view mirror. **MATT DICOMPAIA**

ANTICIPATION: An adaptation of an American classic decades in the making

ENJOYMENT: Notable performances and top-notch production values can't mask the inherent difficulties of casting Kerouac's enigma in a new light

IN RETROSPECT: This serious film-making that deserves serious consideration, but it has to go down as a noble disappointment

Walter Salles

DIRECTOR'S COMMENTARY



WALTER SALLES ON IMPROVISATION, ADVENTURE AND THE TENSION BETWEEN FREEDOM AND FAMILY.

There's a scene midway through *On the Road* where Sal, Dean, and Marylee pack up a drifter on their way to San Francisco. The steady rattle and lurch of Dean's trusty Hudson fades away as the unnamed troubadour breaks into an a cappella rendition of 'Hard to Love What You Kill.' It's a brief moment that elegantly captures the fragility of the trio's bond. But it's one you won't find in José Rivera's screenplay.

Chicago-born blues singer/songwriter and occasional actor Jake La Bata was cast off the back of a giggle played in New Orleans two days before *On the Road* began shooting. Director Walter Salles was invited to the show by La Bata's long-time friend Steve Buscemi, and he instantly asked La Bata to ride along with the second unit crew for a couple of days. But Salles didn't tell the rest of the cast: So when La Bata starts singing in the backseat, what you see is Stewart, Riley and Holland reacting to something they're hearing for the first time.

For Salles, keeping his actors on their toes was just one way of channeling the spontaneous energy of Jack Kerouac's source novel. Equally important was creating a relaxed, open atmosphere on set, which, he explains, was facilitated by filming on the move. "The Hudson became more than a vehicle to us," he reflects. "We rehearsed in it, told stories in it, it became a place where we would talk about the script. Whatever an actor wanted to change a line or try something out we were always very open to that. It allowed us to improvise as freely as possible because we didn't know where we were going to stop or how many miles we were going to drive before the next stop. The only thing we were sure of, being in a '59 Hudson, was that we would need a certain number of mechanics along the way."

There may well be an element of risk attached to this egalitarian style, but it's one in which

Salles is well versed, having adopted it during the making of his 2004 bay/road movie, *The Motorcycle Diaries*. Just as Salles followed the travel motifs left by Ernesto Guevara and Alberto Granado on their passage from Buenos Aires to Venezuela, so he retooled *Sal Paradise* and Dean Moriarty's cross-country jaunt as groundwork for *On the Road*.



Over the course of this shadow road trip, Salles made a documentary, *Searching for On the Road*, speaking to the people and poets who knew Kerouac, and visiting the places frequented by his alter ego. As well as serving as an essential piece of field research, this pilgrimage had added spiritual value: "That trip was special because the book had been a huge inspiration to me throughout my career," reveals Salles. "I remember first picking up an English-language copy when I was 16, still living in Brazil under the military regime, but already with an urge to travel and see the world. It gave me an even stronger sense of adventure."

Twenty-eight years later, Salles set out across South America in preparation for *The Motorcycle Diaries* with that same copy of *On the Road* in hand. "The neat feature is that part of that trip would directly inform the look and feel of *On the Road*." Originally we wanted to shoot the heavy snows in Patagonia [for *The Motorcycle Diaries*], recalls Salles, "but when we were location scouting it reminded me too much of New Jersey so we decided not to film there. But it worked out because when we needed to shoot a snowy New Jersey in the middle of summer [for *On the Road*], I knew exactly where to go."

It's fitting that, after more than three decades of visiting, executive producer Francis Ford Coppola finally handed the keys to Kerouac's beat manifesto to someone who describes himself as

as "totally anomalous". Here is a man who says, "The key to life is curiosity", a filmmaker who hates repetition and is always looking for "the next new and exciting thing".

Only, the Walter Salles J.W. is not the same man who signed on to the project back in 2008. He's since embarked on the greatest and most challenging journey of his life so far: fatherhood. "The *Rebel* started before my two children were born, and I think, honestly, I would have given it a second thought if I had to start it now.

"I'll always be more tempted to travel to places I've never been to rather than to stay in one place," he continues, "but my priorities have changed. I don't live that way anymore, even though the desire for adventure is still there. The most fascinating thing to me now is the fact my children are discovering the possibility of biogeographic. I'm witnessing something I have never witnessed before, which is them discovering a brand new world. Right now I have two options facing me: to live a quiet life close to home with my family, or buy them little backpacks and take them with me."

"PEP GUARDIOLA IS MY IDOL. NOT ONLY BECAUSE OF THE BRILLIANT STRATEGIST THAT HE IS IN HIS FIELD, BUT ALSO THE HUMANITY THAT HE BRINGS TO THE SPORT."

INTERVIEWER: What do you feel like right now?

The Capacity To Transport me to places I've never been before. Or To reveal parts of the human soul I was completely unaware of.

IN WHICH WE PESTER WALTER SALLES WITH TEASING QUESTIONS.



LW1ies: Which film in the last five years do you wish you'd made and why?

Walter Salles: There's two: Zhang Ke Jia's *Still Life* and Sam Raimi's *Coyote Ugly*. Those two directors are the ones who interest me the most right now.

What is your greatest professional regret?

I think you're always confronted by little decisions and small regrets throughout your life. Sometimes turning down a project can be very difficult, especially if people expect you to do it, because then you aren't able to fulfil that expectation. I was once invited to do the second instalment of a very popular action franchise with a very bright actor who I greatly admire. I didn't think I could do it as well as I needed to do it. When I saw the film when it was done, I realised it was the right decision because I don't think I would have done it as well. If I could go back and change anything it would be to have had the courage to say 'no' more often.

What is your most memorable moment on set?

When Viggo Mortensen arrived in New Orleans to play William Burroughs [aka Bill Lee] he not only had done some incredible research about what he wore but he had brought the typewriter

— the Underwood — that he used. And he also brought a second typewriter and the guns that Burroughs would have owned, and last but not least did some research into what he was reading at the time. It was really quite amazing working with him, and I knew the younger guys took a lot away from him.

Who is your idol?

Ferdy Guerinola. Not only because of the brilliant strategist that he is on the field, but also the humanity that he brings to the sport and the courage to say 'no' in moments of extreme pressure. Football is by far my main interest outside-of-directing.

What will you be remembered for?

It's interesting because you're asking me to really analyse myself here. I think people tend to be remembered not only by what they do, but a professional standpoint but what they do in moments of silence and intimacy. I recently lost a very dear friend and recently told me that part of us died with him but a part of him continues with us, and I think that's true. We're remembered directly by the friends and loved ones that we shared our life with, and as a filmmaker I guess I'll be remembered through the films I've made. I think that too many aspects of our lives are public.



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Foto: Marc de Groot

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WORK IN PROGRESS

Ernest Wilson just wanted to be a graphic designer. The thought of studying for years to achieve his dream made it seem impossible, that is until he discovered Shillington College. After graduating, equipped with the relevant knowledge and skills to make it happen, Ernest was able to turn his passion into a career...

"Even before I was working in the design industry I was always looking for ways to make my work creative. Prior to Shillington I was working as a Teacher in Business and Finance. Training was a great opportunity to let loose a little creativity but however I knew that I wanted to work as a designer. My wife and I had discussed me going back to college but it had always seemed like an impossibility considering how much time a conventional course would take away from work.

When I heard about the graphic design course Shillington offered I was delighted and signed up pretty much straight away. The environment is fantastic. The college feels, looks and functions like a studio, which is an awesome place to start when you're trying to manifest creativity. The lecturers are soaked through and through in industry experience and are generous in giving the students as much as they can through design theory and discussion. You are constantly challenged to think like a designer because you're being treated like one.

At the end of the course I was qualified as a graphic designer and equipped with knowledge, skills and a great portfolio. I felt really confident entering the design industry thanks to working on briefs with real-life timeliness. These really helped to prepare me for designing in the real world. In fact I was so confident, I was applying for positions before the course had ended and I landed a job at Peppermint just weeks after graduating. Shillington was an amazing experience that equipped me with new skills, a deeper understanding of design principles and a relaxed anxiety. I also met great classmates who were equally enthusiastic about the industry and we continue to keep in touch and challenge each other creatively.

One of the great things about working as a designer at Peppermint is our two days are the same. I love having the chance to be creative, seeing ideas become something tangible. In order to get to the final product into our readers' hands we hold regular meetings to discuss content and design ideas. There's a lot of cheering (and lots of coffee) but it's such a pleasure to work with fun, down-to-earth creative folk who are committed to producing such a wonderful magazine."

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These are the nomads. The restless
wanderers forever following their own road.
Join them on the endless journey.



This scroll was a collaborative project created
in a single day on August 10, 2012.

It was typed by Matt Bochenksi, David Jenkins, Adam Woodward

With illustrations by

Adrian Johnson, Eric Knobelsiek,
Paul Mallonby, Robert Smolen

"When I was on the farm, none of this ever seemed fathomable; none of it ever seemed reachable."

It's been a long road to the Hollywood hills for Garrett Hedlund. It started at 15, when a kid from Phoenix started taking time off from bussing tables to fly to California, 800 miles every time, chasing auditions, dreams and a future.

Acting "was the only thing I wanted to do," he says. "If I was sitting behind a desk instead of doing this, I wouldn't be able to see another movie for the rest of my life. I wanted to achieve it so badly, if I didn't, I would have had to be a million miles away from it."

And so he achieved. Troy, Tron, now On the Road. Still, at 27-years-old, Hedlund is just scratching the surface of success. And for now, he's still unjaded, still capable of wonderment, still carrying trace echoes of Dean Moriarty - expansively volatile, book-smart, lyrical. But there are echoes of the farm boy, too. In the accent that creeps into his more reflective moments, in the intensity of his passions.

"If you'd told a nine-year-old me that one day, in about seven years time, you'll read a book called *On the Road* and that the 27-year-old you will have finished filming the movie adaptation to it, I'd say, 'Balleh! But try me!'"

EW: Going back to your first role, how tough was it to start with something like *Troy* - a sumptuous to that blockbuster environment about more than being a good actor - do you need an appetite for stardom?

Garrett Hedlund: When I was going up for that one, it was already a film stacked with A-list actors so you sort of have to pretend you already are one in order to become a part of it. When I went to meet with Wolfgang Peterson or read with Brad Pitt, I just pretended I had an ego already. I had to pretend that I had done 10 films already in order to have the confidence to walk into those meetings.

Q: So ego is in some sense a self-preservation system in Hollywood?

A: The line that got me out to Hollywood was quite the opposite. It was a line from Ethan Hawke's novel *Ash Wednesday*: "Humility is the only thing in life worth learning. Shatter the ego then dance through the perfect contradiction of life and death." I thought, "Alright, if I do that I won't care what anybody thinks, I won't care about what anybody says. I'll shatter the ego, I won't be humiliated, I'll dance through the streets when everybody else is walking with their heads down. And I will seem to everybody like I am living." So it wasn't really about ego when I moved out; it was about shattering every sense of ego so that if anything got crushed it didn't matter.

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING

At 27-years-old, Garrett Hedlund has Hollywood at his feet. He speaks to EW.com about ego, freedom and why there are plenty of new routes in America.

Interview by Matt Bochenek
ILLUSTRATION BY RUPERT SMUTSEN



Q: Dean Moriarty is the role that Kerouac famously wanted Marlon Brando to play. How do you approach an iconic part like this?

A: Between Walter and I, it was about finding the voice of the man who said it for the first time and not the repeated soul - not the motor mouth on display at the museum. To find that voice of inspiration and wonderment, the one saying, 'Wow, Sal, look at that.'

Q: Why is now the right time to adapt *On the Road*? This is a book about freedom and opportunity, but those things have never felt more curtailed in America than they do today.

A: I guess for Walter Salles there's an optimism that says, "There are plenty of new routes in America." I think he was so inspired by the book, what it said about American culture, the freedom, the ambition of these characters coming off the back of a World War, the way that jazz influenced the story... He was so inspired by this project that he wanted to capture that feeling, that ambition with everyone. It needs someone who's actually affected by it rather than someone who's just trying to push for a film to be made.

A: Do you think that the Beat spirit lives on or has an analogue today?

A: I think the spirit of freedom and yearning to journey and wanting to get out and breathe and see lands that no other man has seen is an ongoing compulsion within everybody... you want to get up and leave sometimes /s long as you're... motivated and you never lose touch with your wonderment, there's always going to be something to drive you.

The Beat spirit was about this wonderful feeling. It was all about pushing your own ability further. The experience of drugs and sex and music was only to lengthen your own self-encyclopedia of life: to know about not just the world but the solar system; not just the heart but the whole body. It wasn't to destroy or to suppress or to sedate yourself; it was to expand what you were internally going through. That was the wonderful thing about it.



Part 1: **WILDFIRE**

THE BEAT BOOKSHELF

Need to cement your Beat credentials? Simply leave these books hanging around your bedroom to secure instant hipster kudos.



Swann's Way by Marcel Proust (1913)

'What in the world should we care for if it's not our lives, the only gift the Lord never offers us a second time?' Sal and Dean take Marcel Proust's words to heart, keeping a battered copy of *Swann's Way* with them at all times on the road.

The Thief's Journal by Jean Genet (1949)

French author Jean Genet wandered Europe in rags during the 1930s, documenting a shadow world of male prostitutes, delinquency and violence. Venerating the criminal as sacred, *The Thief's Journal* had a huge influence on both Jean-Paul Sartre and Jack Kerouac.

Ulysses by James Joyce (1922)

The founding text of Modernist literature, *Ulysses* pioneered a new way of thinking about writing. Its stream-of-consciousness style prefigured Kerouac's own.

The Adventures of Augie March by Saul Bellow (1953)

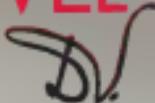
Saul Bellow's breakthrough novel follows Augie March, a man who 'character is his fate', as he reconciles himself with twentieth century America. Freewheeling and episodic, it's a novel of self-exploration as much as discovery.

The Iceman Cometh by Eugene O'Neill (1939)

Eugene O'Neill was 'America's Chekhov', the first US playwright to capture the language and aspirations of America's social underclass. *The Iceman Cometh* is his most famous work, an anarchic commentary on the emptiness of our dreams.

DIANA VREELAND: THE EYE HAS TO TRAVEL

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SEARCHING FOR BERGMAN

Ingmar Bergman's peerless body of work has been mined by auteur theorists and film historians. But how much is known about the man? EW.com travelled to Faro in search of Sweden's enigmatic master.

Words by Adam Woodward

Illustration by Eve Lloyd Knight

June 24

19:15

There's a festive mood in Stockholm this evening. The summer solstice - known here as Midsummer, one of the biggest Swedish national holidays - passed the day before last, and people are in high spirits. En route to Bromma airport to catch a connecting flight, the especially chipper taxi driver strikes up some champagne small talk before eventually inquiring what it is that's brought us to Sweden. After explaining that we're Faro bound, his expression changes. "Ah, you've come to meet the demon director," he remarks.

22:40

The first thing that strikes you about Faro is its remoteness. Two flights, a 90-minute drive and a short ferry ride make it an impractical destination, but irrespective of its proximity to the mainland this is a place that feels lost in time. Signs of civilisation are sparse. The single-track road that circuits the island is eerily quiet, save a few mottled grey sheep that wander nonchalantly across the crumbly dirt track. All around, open fields speckled with white rock and brightly coloured wild flowers yield to dense pine forests that conceal metre-high shrubs and abandoned log cabins. It's easy to see how Bergman fell under Faro's spell. It is a storied setting.

June 25

10:00

Dumba Cinema, Bergman's private 15-seat movie theatre, is the first port of call on our pilgrimage. His eldest daughter, Lena, is here to greet us. She recalls how her father would watch a film every day at three o'clock, often inviting relatives and friends, scolding any tardy guests. Settling into an unoccupied armchair (the master's front-row seat is strictly reserved), we watch *Shame*, one of six Bergman films shot on Faro following his arrival in 1960 while location-scouting for *Through a Glass Darkly*. A crushingly austere portrait of war and moral panic, *Shame* depicts Faro not as a place of virginal tranquillity but as a harsh, soulless island. Is this how Bergman saw it?

12:25

Exiting through the projection room, there is a glimpse of Bergman's mischievous sense of humour on a sign above an old 35mm projector. 'SE FILMEN - OM DU TÖRS' 'See this film - if you dare.'

14:00

The official opening of Bergman Week in Faro's only church is a solemn occasion. Musician Andreas Kleerup performs a handful of ballads with a string quartet, including the haunting "Thank God for Beating Demons". In the grounds, Bergman's headstone is inscribed with the name of his last wife, Ingrid, who was buried in Stockholm in 1995 but relocated to Faro following the death of her husband in 2007. Bergman may not have been an advocate of monogamy - he fathered nine children by six different women - but it's comforting to know he's at peace alongside the woman he claimed to have loved longer than any other.

20:00

A barbecue at a ramshackle diner provides the opportunity to meet some of the locals who know Bergman. They're a disarming but illusive bunch, spinning campfire yarns while smudging key dates and details. You start to wonder whether they're being intentionally ambiguous, as if to keep Bergman cocooned in his own self-spun legend. Truth and fiction are hard to separate.

June 26

11:20

The strength of Bergman's bond with Faro is highlighted at the Bergman Center. A looped sound bite from *Faro Document*, Bergman's 1970v documentary about the island, echoes through the corridors. "Ever since my early childhood I have felt rootless wherever I've been. It is only since I came to Faro that I have felt at home in the world."

June 27

09:00

Passing through the security gate of Hammars, Bergman's private Residence, triggers a Dantean verse that booms out, warning off trespassers. Razor wire fringes the outer walls. Inside, we change into slippers. Hammars, which Bergman had built in the 1970s, remains just as he left it. Not even the sheets on his deathbed have been changed. It's a time capsule of cream carpets, orange-brown upholstery, pine panel walls and ceilings. Bergman's office, a sanitised white space, offers serene views of the Baltic Sea. This is where he would sit and watch the world go by for hours at a time, the tranquillity of nature reassembling his well-documented neuroses.

09:40

The entire East Wing of the house is dedicated to Bergman's personal libraries, containing a fully catalogued VHS archive and collections of his early notebooks, manuscripts, letters and other personal documents. Tarkovsky and Bunnell sit alongside copies of *The Blues Brothers* and *Singing in the Rain*. Even Stallone and Schwarzenegger are present.

10:05

Moving through the house it's impossible not to notice patterns on the walls, floors and furniture. Hammars is tarnished with infantile graffiti, hand-scribbled memos that range from playful to indecipherable. The words, "Warning: Slippery as Hell" mark the bathroom floor, while a bedside dresser doubles as a spontaneous journal of Bergman's nightmares. Amidst the ink stains is a cartoon devil motif that became the director's sign a tare - a lasting symbol of his tormented genius. Before coming to Faro, Bergman was a restless spirit, and although he never quite conquered his demons, he found precious solitude here.

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AMERICAN OUTLAW

Though she's often omitted from the Big Map of American Cinema, artist and filmmaker Shirley Clarke showed that remarkable things can happen when you stick to your creative and ideological guns.

Words by David Jenkins



"I'm doing what I want to do and it's a nice feeling that someone is taking a picture of it. And it's a picture I can save forever." These are the words I spoken by Jason Holliday, the self-mythologising nomad and gay hustler who became the jocular subject of Shirley Clarke's remarkable and audacious 1957 'cabaret' film, *Portrait of Jason*.

Clarke noted in a 1970 TV profile, *Rose is Burning*, that she had heard Jason's catty spiel 50 times already. She knew all his jokes and tall tales, she knew when he was going to laugh and she knew when he was going to cry. It was the process of filming Jason that intensified his words, transforming them into a enthralling poetry that elevated this humble, bespectacled raconteur into one of cinema's great storytellers. In 1983, during an interview with *Afterimage* magazine, Clarke described Jason like this: "This film, aside from being a human document, shows survival... That's what it's all about - survival."

Even though the volume of her cinematic output was modest, Clarke, who was born in New York City in 1919 and died in 1997, has gained a certain notoriety as one of American cinema's true one-offs. Looking a photograph of Clarke during the 1960s and '70s, she sported a kind of beatnik, rag-and-bone chick, always

with resplendent lop-sided shirt collar and either a top or bowler hat covering most of the large white streak through her hair. She resembled Lina Minnelli's hip younger sister.

Her films, too, cut a strange figure that still makes them stand out from the crowd. While their subject matter took a specifically American perspective on racism, poverty, sexuality, jazz and New York City, her films were ideologically informed by the radical innovators of the French New Wave and a burgeoning, disparate scene that could be described as 'American neorealism'.

It's rare to employ the term 'rambling' as a compliment, but it's a term that neatly sums up Clarke's cinema. Her films ramble, but with bracing precision. Clarke originally trained as a ballet dancer, and some of her first short films - made on a Bolex camera she was given as a wedding present - were simple exercises in fusing the choreography of a dancer with the choreography of a camera. Track down her mesmerising *Ballfight* as an example.

She co-habited with some of the pioneers of the new 'direct cinema' movement, namely Richard Leacock and D.A. Pennebaker. They employed lightweight equipment and live synched sound to give the director and the cameraman the potential for spontaneity. The three of them formed a co-op, named *Filmmakers, Inc.*, and even lent John Cassavetes the equipment to make his now-canonical street-life saga, *Shadows*.

Rejecting the trends of Hollywood and The System, Clarke later immersed herself within a markedly experimental milieu, counting art film innovators like Stan Brakhage, Jonas Mekas and Maya Deren as contemporaries. She was an active member of the *Independent Filmmakers of America*, where she attempted to devise realistic economic frameworks for the production and distribution of independent

ffles. Her early short works rejected both conventional form and traditional revenue streams: the masterful *Bridges-Go-Round* from 1998 was concocted in the edit room from pretty, overlapping shots of New York bridges and Toc Macero's romantic, ambient score.

Even though *Portrait of Jason* is the only one of her works currently available on DVD in the UK, the film she is perhaps best known for is her stunning, Burroughs-esque 1962 feature debut, *The Connection*, based on a play by Jack Gelber about a group of irascible and fractious junkies holed up in a grimy apartment, waiting for a drug delivery. *The Connection* is often referred to as one of the great 'jazz movies' and not just because it contains numerous musical interludes from jazz maestros Jackie McLean and Freddie Hubbard (who play two of the addicts and supply the film with its astounding live soundtrack). It's a film whose central theme is uncertainty, and the meandering structure, loose camerawork, freeform editing and spleenetic dialogue **EMERY X** embody a jazz-like sense of formal surprise.

It's likely that *The Connection* would now be spoken of in the same breath as Cassavetes' early verite works were it not for its obscenity laws dooming it to relative obscurity (not for its drug content, mind, but for pervasive use of the word 'shit'). Clarks's notorious second feature, 1964's *The Cool World* (tagline: "This is the picture that explodes like a time bomb in the face of a city."), saw her taking cameras into Harlem, offering a stark depiction of the hardscrabble existence of ghetto life in the early '60s. The film was ~~REJECTED~~ produced by documentary doyen, Frederick Wiseman, who allegedly gave Clarks \$3000 and said he'd see her again when the film was completed.

Though all of her features carry with them a sense of political outrage whose rough-and-tumble formal dynamics perfectly gel with the seamy subject matter, Clarke saw her films as being about alienation, about people (or groups of people) psychologically marginalised by society's conservative strictures. Her films did not make much of a commercial or critical splash at the time of their release, and as such her cinema career began to stutter at the end of the '60s.

A shift into video art was bookended by a triumphant documentary *Ornette: Made in America* (a profile of jazz legend Ornette Coleman) in 1985. She died in 1997 at the age of 78 before she could see her amazing back catalogue become the subject of a major critical volte-face and be selected for a series of plush restorations care of the renowned UCLA Film and Television Archives. Though her project is near impossible to satisfactorily pigeonhole, Clarke was a woman with ideals and she stuck to them. Through her work, she remains a survivor.

“The Masterpiece”
★★★★★
Academy Award® Nominee

“Funny and heartwarming... a wonderful film”

“A film ultimately perfect”

★★★★★
Academy Award® Nominee



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THE BOOK OF KRISTEN

Kristen Stewart is the most talked about actress in Hollywood. So isn't it about time we just shut up and listened?

Words by Jonathan Crocker

Illustrations by Paul Allibrough

CHAPTER ONE: The Question

Robert Pattinson. Twilight. Getting naked in indie movies. Fame. These are just some of the things we won't be talking about with Kristen Stewart. "Oh, good!" says the actress, slightly taken aback when we give her the good news. We're sat on the roof terrace of a hotel - heavily populated on the ground floor by security guards - and it's week two of the Cannes Film Festival. Only 22-years-old, Stewart is being afforded the kind of elite protection from the media usually reserved for Hollywood's biggest megastars. But we don't really want to ask her about that either.

In fact, EW's only has one question: what does Kristen Stewart want to talk about? "Right," she says. Then she thinks. "I don't want to sell myself. People are so weird. They suddenly find themselves so interesting that they think they're worth selling. Typically speaking, the most interesting thing to me about myself is, right now, the fact that *On the Road* is coming out. And I want to talk about *On the Road*."

CHAPTER TWO: *On the Road*

To talk about *On the Road* is to discover that, although people ask Kristen Stewart a lot of questions, the answers all lead to one place. It's really simple: she's a 22-year-old kid who's crazy-stupid in love with her job. "Oh my god, I fucking love it so much," she beams. "I'm not Marylou; I'm Sal. Right now, I feel so full. I'm, like, bursting. I should be working. I don't want to take a break. It's funny, on set, I don't have to go to the bathroom, I don't have anything wrong, I'm perfectly fine, so through-and-through. I'm not hungry. I'm literally not even in my own body. They wrap and they send me back to my trailer and I fucking fall to pieces. I suddenly realise that I've had to pee for about six hours. And I'm starving."

This kamikaze work ethic left her co-star Chris Hemsworth dumbfounded on their blockbuster *Snow White and the Huntsman*. Why, wondered the Aussie heartthrob, was she attacking a basic Hollywood fantasy like it was a Paul Thomas Anderson





drama? "Awww..." she smiles, affectionately. "He's the same way. Well, he takes it very much at face value. Sometimes I need to make myself do that. I just really am trying, trying, all the time. I mean, Walter [Bates] actually said to me several times during *On the Road*, 'Stop reaching. You're already there.' But I like to be scared. I love to suddenly feel out of control. Actors walk around wearing these little tool-belts of acting skills. And I just don't find that interesting to watch. I never want to see someone who clearly can cry at the drop of a hat. That's so uninteresting. And so many actresses are so fucking crazy. They're emotional wrecks, so they pretend to be these characters. But the emotions aren't coming from the right place. Do you know what I mean?" And you have to remind her: this is your interview; you tell me.

CHAPTER THREE: Coming from the Right Place

"At first, the reason I started doing this was literally just because I wanted a job. My parents are crew - my mom's a script supervisor; my dad's an AD - and I always looked up to them, I really completely glorified the movies. And so at first, I really just wanted the responsibility. I wanted adults to talk to me. I wanted to be involved. I was bored. Then I turned 15 and I did this movie called *Spank...* I mean, to do a date-rape movie at 15, it really affected me. I suddenly felt like things could be really important and really help people. I did this public service announcement right after I did the movie and this enormous influx of people called in and said things that they had never told anyone before. And it hit me so fucking hard. I was like, 'Wow, something that I love, something that was so personal to me' - because at that point, I had never gotten any acknowledgement for anything I'd done, it really was just for me - 'suddenly touched people.' Movies, they can be important if you want them to be."

CHAPTER FOUR: Movies are Important

So here it is. If you want them to be, even teen movies about hair-gelled vampires and werewolves in cut-off jeans can be important. They can help you make other movies, movies like *On the Road*, movies that might not get seen or even made without you.

In Hollywood, with great power comes... great parties. But here's the reason why you won't see Stewart following Lindsay Lohan into the starlet scrap yard. Through some crazy accident, indie actress got bitten by a radioactive franchise and gained special powers. They won't last forever. But while they do... "It's weird to be in this position of, like..." She sighs, checking herself. "Not to sound fucking crazy, but 'financial prowess'. I feel bad about it. I feel like you need to do something. I made *Welcome to the Bileys* [in which Stewart played a young woman with emotional issues] a few years back and now I want to open two halfway houses, one in New Orleans and one in LA, and I want to make a documentary about why it's important. But all this ridiculously empty charity work that you see? Like, you show up at an event and you wear a dress and you auction your dress off and you suddenly feel important. I want to do it right. Right now, I just feel it. It's not to be wasted. Because I know my value is fucking strong."

“fucking strong.”

THE BEAT GOES ON



Marcel Proust (1871-1922)
Author
Founding father. Inspiration.



Ken Saro-Wiwa (1941-1995)
Journalist
Environmental crusader. Martyr.

If Jack Kerouac was alive today he probably wouldn't call himself a 'Beat'. But although the movement faded, the spirit it represented is ageless. Here we celebrate the radical individualists who came before and carry the torch today.



Lawrence Ferlinghetti (1919-present)
Author/Publisher
Radical essayist. Co-founder
of City Lights Booksellers &
Publishers, San Francisco



Hunter S. Thompson (1937-2005)
Journalist
Free spirit. Political
conscience. Drunk.



Matt Taibbi (1970-present)
Journalist
Firebrand. Truth-teller.
Scourge of gangster capitalism



Martha Cooper (1940-present)
Photographer
Street art chronicler.



John Cage (1912-1992)
Composer
Musical theorist.
Conductor of silence.



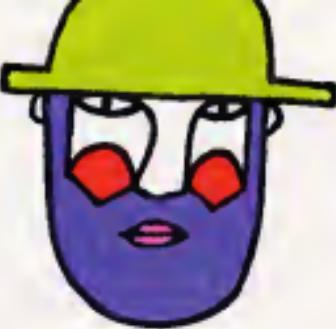
DJ Koal (1959-present)
Musician
Block party MC. Boom-box
pioneer.



Polaroid Kidd (1985-present)
Photographer
Vagabond. Train-hopper.
Eye-witness.



Thelonious Monk (1917-1982)
Musician
Innovator. Jazz wanderer.



Kathleen Hanna (1969-present)
Musician
Riot Grrrl. Activist. Punk.



Daniel Clowes (1961-present)
Cartoonist
Visual raconteur. Everyman.





Shepard Fairey (1970-present)
Graphic Artist
Taking back the city
one sticker at a time.



Swoon (1978-present)
Artist
Bringing fine art
to the street.



Blek le Rat (1952-present)
Artist
Stenciller. Vandal.



Coco Chanel (1883-1971)
Fashion Designer
Mould-breaker.
Taste-maker.





Miki Dora (1934-2002)
Surfer
Iconoclast. Nomad. Surfing's
mythical antihero.



Jay Adams (1961-present)
Skater
The original seed. Godfather of
modern skate.



Jean-Luc Godard (1930-present)
Filmmaker
Assassin. Provocateur.



Divine Brooks (1906-1985)
Actress
Lost girl. Siren. Superstar.





Sam Peckinpah (1925-1984)
Filmmaker
Drinker. Gunslinger.
Outlaw.



Marlon Brando (1924-2004)
Actor
The wild one. The
watershed. Legend.



Kenneth Anger (1927-present)
Filmmaker
Experiment. Occult
surrealist. Permanent
outsider.



Terrence Malick (1943-present)
Filmmaker
Reclusive genius. Auteur.



Paul Thomas Anderson (1970-present)
Filmmaker
Voice of a generation. The master.

RELIVING PARADISE

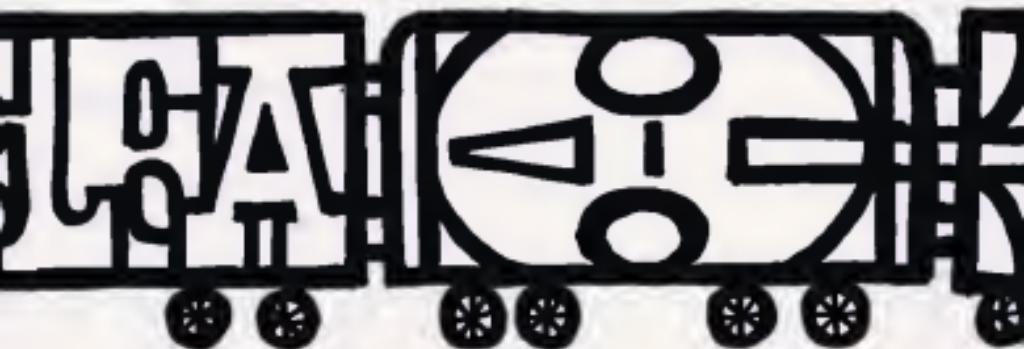


The spirit of Jack Kerouac is being kept alive by the modern-day freight-hoppers on America's steel dragons. *WLM* gets a unique look between the tracks.

Words by Rev Leroy Rank

Illustration by Edna Johnson

EDNA JOHNSON



Mr Quintana and I weren't going to catch a train sitting next to a dumpster, drinking beer and smoking pot, so we strapped on our packs and walked into the freight yard. We found a moving train in the Union Pacific yard, outside Seattle. It would take us south, somewhere we'd never been before.

I started freight hopping after the era of boxcars and hoppers. Today, it's all gondolas - open cars meant to carry freight containers. But some of them have steel plate floors, 'basements', with enough room to stretch out, hidden from prying eyes. Enough room to let your mind wander far ahead of the train, study the night, without street lamps or billboards to guide the way, just stare.

The wheels on this train are like the jaws of some fantastic beast: a mile-long dragon with a thousand legs. We run alongside, worn boot treads on shifting gravel. I couldn't hear anything, deaf from the hissing and growling and farting and rumbling of the train and the rush of the wind. My heart pounded in my chest. I lost my breath. Sweat poured down my forehead.

Trains don't ask permission and don't hesitate to kill. They don't care where we want to go. They don't care if we're starving, freezing or baked by the sun. They couldn't care less if we're drunk, or lonely, or ill; if we're beaten by railroad police or have our throats slit by killers. Dragons make no promises to their fleas.

But trains are going somewhere, most often the middle of nowhere, which is exactly where we want to go. That's what we do: risk our lives to steal a ride to the middle of nowhere.

On a train you see America's backyards during the day, you see the people practicing their violins and spanking their kids. Houses are shielded from streets, but the trains can spy from behind. Sometimes you see people watching the train, really watching. They're not just staring off into space at the railroad crossing. Their hand is saluted on their brow to block out the sun, like they are looking for you, hoping you're there.

Hard travelling is worth the risk of heat stroke, hypothermia or worse. There's fear and terror at night when the metal rails rub against the metal wheels and you wake up to the shrieking. But the ride gives you a sense of peace, of escape, of perspective. Or perhaps it's the feeling of momentum, accomplishing something grand, seeing something rare. Or how you feel scraped clean when you finally hop off, dehydrated and sunburned, and free yourself from the dragon.

I've spent a lot of time thinking about it, and the most answer I have for 'Why hop a train?' is, 'Because I love it. All of it.'

"That one," I hollered, pointing at a car as it passed Mr Quintana. I sprinted, got my hands on the railings and jumped. I watched my boot catch on the bottom rung, pulled myself onto the deck. The train started to book. It was going too fast; we waited too long to hop. It was my fault - I should have called it off. Mr Quintana hadn't caught up. I dropped my pack and got ready to do the old grab-and-pull.

The train picked up steam. Mr Quintana struggled with the gravel; it feels like sprinting in sand with a kid on your back. I hollered encouraging words like, "C'mon, Quintana, get on this motherfucker." He reached out and grabbed the railing on the ladder.

With your hands gripping the rails you have to jump and get your foot on the bottom rung, or else your legs are left to dangle, to be broken and severed by passing signs and mail switches, or sucked into the rolling jaws. He was running as fast as he could, shaking his head back and forth, one eye on the ladder and the other on the gravel.

He palled himself up, got his foot on the bottom rung and climbed onto the deck. By holding my breath I could squeeze beneath the trailer axle, realising only then how close my head had come to the big iron wheel. But there wasn't room for us, or our packs, and we were exposed to the wheels. There was no place to sit, not for 12 to 24 hours. Mr Quintana followed me. I turned to him. He shook his head from between the tires. "We got to get off this fucking train."

The dragon barrowed further into the UP yard, weaving through the rows of ~~XXXXX~~ lifeless cars, giving ~~XXXX~~ us cover from the control tower. It slowed enough to jump. We leaped onto the gravel, tumbling to a stop. We stood and watched. Our train sped up, passed us by and left us standing in the yard. It felt like ~~XXXX~~ getting dumped by a girl who was out of your league.

We played ninja in the yards for a couple of hours, waiting for something worth waiting for, then hopped an Eastbound ~~NSF~~, ~~sassy~~ as pie. The rides lasted nearly 20 hours, through the heat of Eastern Washington, teeth chattering from the vibration. Our water ran low and hot, so hot it was useless. The beer was worse. We stripped to our underwear, sat on our packs and sipped hot beer. The best ride so far.

If hopping is the job, the psycheque is the ride. We rolled by mountains without cell phone towers, and lakes wit cut resorts on the shore. Bald eagles nested atop abandoned telephone poles and craned their heads to watch us pass, looking at us like we were crazy. At dusk we slowed to a stop just past a sign watershed "Libby", 440 miles from home. Good enough place as any.



ACT



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Looper

Directed by RIAN JOHNSON

Starring JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT, BRUCE WILLIS, EMILY BLUNT

Released SEPTEMBER 28

Say what you want about Rian Johnson, but he's not for turning. The filmmaker, who made a splash with *Brokeback Mountain*, has doubled down with his most stylish, violent and out-there offering to date. *Looper* is an almost-clastic slice of sci-fi, a time travel film of daring and vision that nearly but not quite collapses under the weight of its own ambition.

As often the case with these things, the plot is a tangled web of intersecting perspectives, motives and possibilities – some realish; others not. Joseph Gordon-Levitt is Joe, a 'looper', a contract killer employed in 2042 (here realised as a steampunk madcap up of blade runner, Children of Men and Akira's Neo-Tokyo) to murder the victims of a criminal syndicate 30 years in the future.

But every loop will eventually be closed – the looper forced to kill a future version of himself. For this he'll receive a payout, a pink slip, a pat on the back and 30 years to come to terms with the fact that his-*self* is marked.

No wonder Joe likes every day like it's his last – somewhere in the future it is. But when the day finally arrives in his own present that Joe comes face-to-face with his future self

(Bruce Willis), everything changes. It's here that *Looper* begins a series of extraordinary squalls, jerking one way then the other through a miasma of child murder, comic-book vengeance and mutant X-Rays. It's a genuinely shocking, often baffling, sometimes ropey, but never less than compelling trip through the ether regions of Johnson's mind as presented through the movies of Ridley Scott, James Cameron, Frank Miller and Bruce Campbell.

An older Joe says to himself (well, his other self) in a drier sense, it's best not to think about it too hard. And where, in another film, that would be an admission of failure, here it means success. We've all seen enough time travel movies to know that certain logic traps are best ignored, and Johnson earns the right to this suspension of disbelief. *Looper* is so presented to us a send-off fable of crazy that it begins to make a kind of beginning sense.

In amongst other weirdness, Gordon-Levitt spends the whole film covered in a light dusting of (real) prosthetics and CGI. He looks like an alien pretending to be Joseph Gordon-Levitt, until you realise he's actually a human pretending (brilliantly) to be Bruce Willis. Willis himself re-enacts the iconic borscht

of James Cole from *Terminator 2*, before committing one set (killed off camera) that some students may find hard to forgive.

Looper exists in a constant state of tension, pushing the limits of both morality and credibility. But it goes beyond by logic questions. What would you do for the life you thought you deserved? What price would you pay today if the wages of an womb created for 30 years?

This is so nearly the kind of movie that killed Richard Kelly's career: willful, harsh and uncompromising to a fault. But it swaggers around with such confidence that it succeeds through sheer force of personality. Where the autistic grandeur of *Primer* was only pristine, *Looper* flattens up the artifice in the most refreshing way. **MATT BOCHESKI**

ANTICIPATION:

Rian Johnson has much to prove

3

ENJOYMENT:

Pure pulp time-travel insanity

4

IN RETROSPECT:

What just happened?

3

Rian Johnson

Rian Johnson left us a legacy. After making a splashy debut as a 30-year-old with 2010's high-schol cult dramedy *The Brothers Bloom* and a hit time-traveler *Looper*, Rian has been gradually ascending by the winter/director, who always finds a new way to tackle the enigma of movies with *Knives Out*.

1. Find the film as you go

I always feel like I should be able to open the same door that will end up getting cut out of the movie on the reworking stage, but the truth is you just don't know. I'm definitely surprised by what I discover along the way during filming. Although by the time you get to the end, you have such a strong, complicated relationship with the film, I don't know if *Looper* is really the result. It has morphed into something different than what you started out with in your head, but it's happened so slowly it's like the cold thing where you put the frog in the pot of cold water and slowly heat up the heat. It won't jump out, it'll just be boiled.

2. Know your genre

For me, there are two distinct pleasures to a time-travel movie. There are the intricacies of it and then there the moral dilemmas that it raises. *Death Proof* or *Twister*. *Monday* or the second *Back to the Future* movie. *Looper* is more about the story and the characters, so we had to figure out how to get this movie to take a break and, in that regard, the first *Threewoods* was my model. Our main characters don't have access to time travel. They don't know how it makes us

they don't have to deal with how it works – they just have to deal with this situation. Then it was just a matter of, in the writing, working out how little we could explain and get away with. Even in the editing of the film, we were still talking out exposition about time travel. We found that audience didn't need it and at the end of the day they were able to take some pretty big leaps with us without the movie explaining it.

3. Reference, don't imitate

You have to continuously check that you're head is in the right place, that you're not just trying to point out references, but you're actually telling the story. I find it helps to look for ascriptions from films and books that are not in the genre you're working in at all. For instance, *Witness* was big on ascription on this film as an early travelling movie. That ended up being a thing I went back to over and over again the writing. I'd be looking at stuff that isn't from the same genre, and I think it also helps to keep you a little bit more honest rather than just churning out references to other well-knowns.

4. Tell your own story

I had such a good time making *Looper*, and I've had a slow writer, the first three I said coming out of production was, 'Gotta find a script, gotta find a project. Let's not wait for me to write something, let's just find something to make!' And I saw a lot of really cool stuff, I read a lot of terrible stuff, but at the end of the day I just kind of realized that the thing I'm really in this film, at least right now, is to tell my own stories and build something from the ground up. It would be heaven to find a writer whose script I love

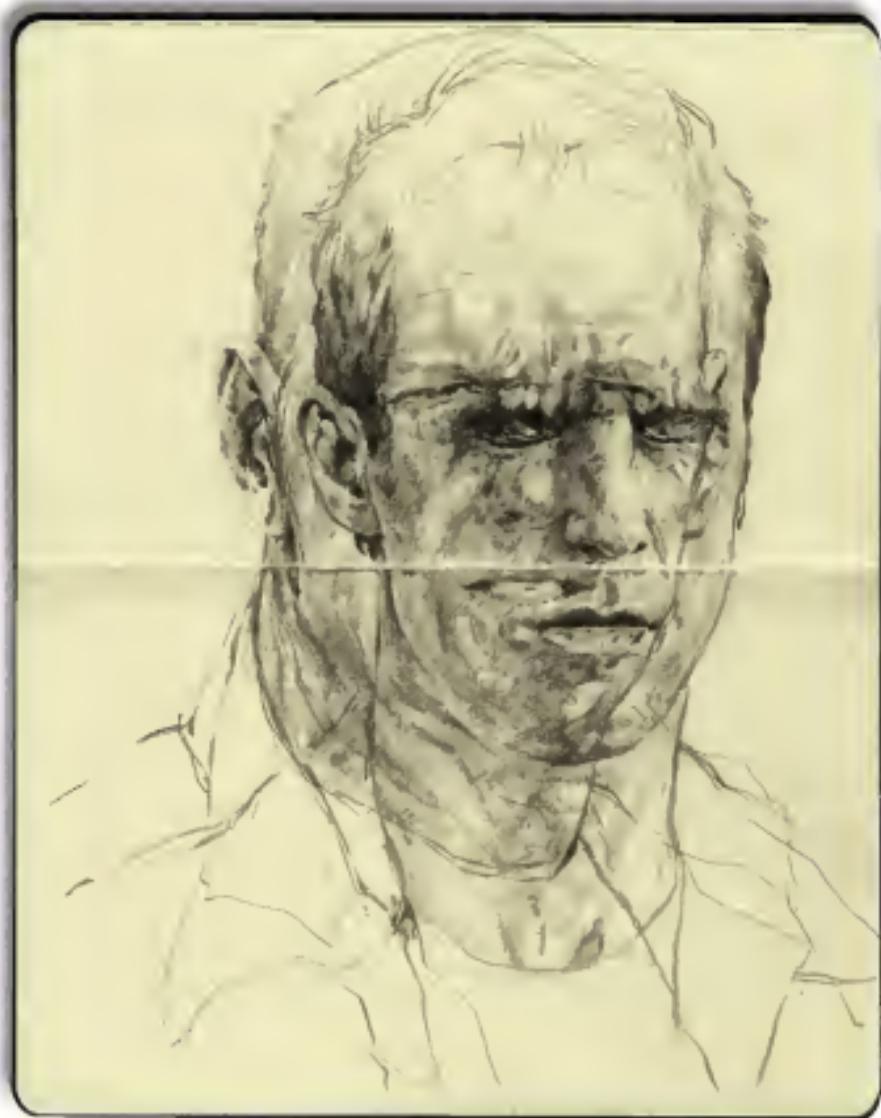
and connect with and just jump into it – and I can see that happening eventually – but for right now it's all about just growing these things from scratch, to the better or worse than's the way I'm approaching that next one. I'm just starting with an idea and seeing if we can bring it to the screen.

5. Writing is a necessary evil

I interviewing *Knives Out*. Writing is not for itself. I don't trust anyone who claims to enjoy writing. It's just a hideous, unenjoyable process. And I'm a slow writer even on the scale of slow writers. So it's phenomenally frustrating. Bleeding is the fun part. I'd love to have the discipline and the speed to get a couple of scripts in the desk drawer. At the same time, although it's frustrating, this is the only way I know how to make movies. It would be even more frustrating to leap immediately into production on something that wasn't entirely mine.

6. Edit, edit and edit some more

One thing that I really tried to lash myself to with this film was to be absolutely brutal with myself during the writing process in terms of reworking and in terms of editing. Anything that isn't absolutely essential to the main spine of your story, no matter how much you love it, get rid of it. Because you're either going to have to lose it now or you're going to have to lose it in the editing room. Don't set yourself up slack or give yourself any indulgences in the writing stage. That was the big thing I was trying to discipline myself with, with *Looper*. And we ended up cutting out nearly an hour of scenes.



Biggles: Adventures in Time

DIRECTED BY
John Hough

STARRING
Neil Dickson, Alex Hyde-White,
Fiona Hutchison

TRAILERS
The Jewel of the Nile,
Grandview USA, Trouble in Mind

CHEERY PICK
"A transvestite bank robber?
That one's not even in the book!"

1986



A sleek, silent, neon-trimmed, Skysky attack helicopter hovers above a Dominican convent in war-torn, Belgian circa 1917. Determined Yatfrontman Jim Anderson belts out pulsating electro-pug anthem 'Do You Wanna Be a Hero?' over the crackling soundtrack. A dead-eyed American saboteur with pony hair decorates the script with incident and '80s reference bombs. Welcome to the infatuated side-splashed world that is *Biggles: Adventures in Time*.

Yea, the Juhules, the Royal Wedding and the Olympics have all blotted the Royal Bell with patriotic fervor that we're waterboarding our usual travel through psychotropes LA slacker and stoned Big Apple guitar for a patriotic joint through the most goddam fun fests of the Post World War. And we're on the company of Roy's Own flying ace/psychotic short James 'Biggles' Biggleworth and his plucky pals Agy, Ginger, Waye, Gony, Dr Snuggles, Jumbof and Slet Badger (Natalie's younger readers – Biggles is like a late-80s James Bond, but with much ruder material and way briefer bouts of ginger beer in place of vodka martinis.)

Or at least we thought we were. The film's producers – an unlikely-sounding duo named from Oliver and Kent Walmsley – have other ideas. Bad, strange ideas involving Americans and time travel and all kinds of other holley nonsense that will treat the original source material like a baby treat a nappy. Biggles, you see, isn't deemed strong enough to carry a Biggles movie. What he clearly needs is some form of underaged narrative, buy out that will see him continue to head up the film in an embassadored capacity while the day to day running of the concert converts to an ashen-faced York plucked from a prison acting workshop and jumpraded crowswise into a time-shifting machine of some weapons, synch-pug, clockwise jambas and melly-tea.

This 'Starkey' moment would appear to have occurred to the scriptwriters when their mid-morning nap was disturbed by the impossibly loud 'tar-chung' emanating from the opening weekend box-office of time-busting titans, *Back to the Future* and *The Terminator*. Indeed, the American actor in question (Alex Hyde-White, son of Wilfred, and later to play Reed Richards in Roger Corman's basement *Fantastic Four* adaptation) looks a lot like Michael J. Fox as styled by Marty McFly, sporting the star-spangled ensemble of an austrous red blouson, stonewashed Wrangler jeans and six white high tops throughout.

Biggles, on the other hand, as escaped by the blonde but fairly useful Neil Dickson – who looks like Jason Patric if Jason Patric were a second Division footballer – couldn't be more British if he were a steam-powered bulldog slugging out croissants and market bulls onto a Union Jack. The resulting disconnect is in a par with parachuting a woman Californian tan and tan-petaled into *Lord of the Flies*, his lads, y'know, just isn't down with middle aged matogas with biggins and hairy feet.

The first World War setting, three historical, uncomprehending protagonist and blotted locations can sometimes make Biggles feel like *Twelve Monkeys* as seen from the monkeys' point of view. But more often than not, the ensemble stock footage cobbled from a mishmash of *Cultus Club*, a bus and Roger Waters' *Pink Floyd* music videos stitched together by southpaw engineers and served on a bed of cheap orchestral stabs that are so loud, crass and jarring that they would make George Moroder burn his eyebrows and festoon his vulva.

War, as we all know, is hell. Time travel, meanwhile, is confusing. Biggles is as confusing as hell. And that's not just *BRSH* talking – that's physics.

"I laughed all the way through it" Mark Kermode

"A delightfully eccentric comedy"

The Guardian ★★★★

"A delightfully eccentric comedy"
The Guardian ★★★★



2 DAYS IN NEW YORK

Julie
DELPHY
Chris
ROCK



★★★★ **Emile**
★★★★ **Marie-Claire**
★★★★ **Sunday Telegraph**
★★★★ **Woman**
★★★★ **Financial Times**

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Sinister

Directed by SCOTT BERRICKSON
Starring ETHAN HAWKE,
JULIET RYLANCE, JAMES RANSONE
Released OCTOBER 5



Hoping to reuse the house with his new bride, drug-crazed author Ellison Oswald (Ethan Hawke) opportunistically moves his family into a Pennsylvania house without telling them that its previous occupants were found hanging from a tree in the garden (leave for the missing youngest child). Once Ellison has discovered a box in the attic containing grisly home movies depicting family slayings widely separated by time and geography, his research turns into an odious obsession, and his delusions — along with other ghosts — return to haunt the Oswalds, putting in a scenario as it will be too late for them to comprehend.

As with his previous film, *The Lazarus Effect*, Renny Rye, director/co-writer Scott Derrickson stages a conflict between rationalism and the supernatural, here replacing the hubris of Christian faith with the mental fragmentation of the protagonist, who increasingly sees a Jack Torrance in the making. Indeed, *Sinister* is constructed

around repetition, not just knowing echoes of previous family psychodramas (*The Shining*, *Psycho*, *Carrie*, *Carrie*), but also the bizarre serial nature of the murders themselves, uneventful in that hoard of similar-looking film cases.

Yet if you think you've seen it all before, the terrifying instability here lies in that viewing one is itself dangerous, even deadly. And yet there we are, eyes wide open, staring at the screen (and the screen within the screen), ignoring all the warning signs, watching someone watching horror and mapping the world, inevitable consequences — one way or another — of curiosity.

It is ingeniously plotted (No, blending found footage with more conventionally expert camerawork, and letting us along with Ellison into his ineluctable (but still unpredictable) trajectory). Here the preserved medium of cinema itself becomes a reflex for the ghostly entities that (maybe) inhabit the

story, so though it suggests that merely watching this 'moving picture' (about a family moving house) may be enough to entrap anyone with their proper focus on all those diary images, leaving us passively at escape. That said, the mounting tension, creepy sound design and expertly managed jump shocks will no doubt have many theatregoers closing their eyes in sheer terror. **ANTON RYTER**

ANTICIPATION. *Derren's* previous horror, *The Lazarus Effect* of Emily Rose, was not good

2

ENJOYMENT.
Derren's *creepiest!*

4

IN RETROSPECT. Convincing, perhaps, but also creepy and clever in equal measure

3

Love

Directed by WILLIAM EBANK
Starring GUNNAR WRIGHT,
COREY RICHARDSON,
BRADLEY RHOADES
Released SEPTEMBER 7



Curriedened by alt-rock group Angels and Airwaves (who also provide the sound score), and inspired by Carl Sagan's book, *Pale Blue Dot*, Love is an environmental drama that mixes familiar themes of isolation and connection in the slow-moving tale of a stranded stressed-out Writing in Resistance on its puny spaceport shore, Love doesn't so much nod toward the likes of 2001: A Space Odyssey, Solaris, and Moon as repeatedly groan on the floor in black reverence.

The film opens with a disorienting prologue set in the midst of the bloody American Civil War in 1864, where a bedraggled Union soldier is sent on a mission to investigate a mysterious object. Without warning, the film rapidly cuts to the year 2009, where lone US astronaut Leo Miller (Gunnar Wright) has been dispatched to the International Space Station to examine its suitability for use. The lonely Miller spends his days exercising and packing up the anomalous message from home, until one day he makes an unusual discovery that finally links back to the film's opening stages.

While Love certainly isn't short on wry existential musings, young director William Ebanks is at a loss to structure his material, resulting in an excruciating, lounge-schiffed crawl of anti-climax that only really gets going in the

final 15 minutes, by which point it's too late. Odd inserts of videotaped talking-head interviews with (one?) members of the public musing on their experiences only serve to confound matters further.

On the plus side, the decent visuals belie the film's tiny budget, while the interior of the spacecraft have clearly been intricately and lovingly designed. As the lone spaceman, Gunnar Wright puts in a respectable shift, though he has conspicuously little to work with.

At one point, a spookily disembodied female voice asks of Miller, "Why do you think we're here?" As you try in vain to stifle the groan, you'll likely be asking yourself the same question. **ASHLEY CLARK**

ANTICIPATION.
Never seen this before?

2

ENJOYMENT. Pretentious and possibly boring, as extended music video

1

IN RETROSPECT. If you release, but release alone is not a successful movie mode

2



Dredd

Directed by PETE TRAVIS

Starring KARL URBAN, OLIVIA THIRLBY, LENA HEADEY

Released SEPTEMBER 7

It's doubtful that even the most loose-lipped of colour gamblers would've taken a sketchy flutter on the fact that a scintillating comic book B-movie would become the direct cinematic descendant of Lars von Trier's software woodland characters, *Antichrist* and, *Post-Trauma*. *Dredd* is exactly that, not simply lifting numerous motifs and mannerisms from under the nose of *Looney Tunes*, but ingeniously translating them into something fresh and wild with the help of some 3D glasses.

Not to take the thunder away from director Travis, but this strange overlap is no accident. *Dredd* has been photographed by Anthony Dod Mantle, the delirious optical minister who also took on shooting duties for von Trier. But – perhaps more surprisingly – there are similarities beyond the usual, in that *Dredd* is perhaps one of the most machoistically nutty action pictures to be released on these shores for some time.

Take the toddler who phonemets to its death from an open window in super slow motion at the beginning of *Antichrist*, here we see hopped-up goons tossed from a future-burdened 2047 society office, high on a designer drug called Slo-Mo that momentarily wreathes their perception down to sub-bullet time. The film heralds new and exciting bizarre farcicalism aplenty, primarily down to its campy realisation that slow motion and 3D is a match made in, home, heaven.

Alex Garland's trim but grisly screen adaptation of the infamous 2000AD strip is as bracingly fresh as its gremaking and peroxide-blonded brawlers, played by a grizzled, chiseled Karl Urban. Dispensing with the back-story bait-and-switch legalism posturing that has become de rigueur for the modern comic-book epics, *Dredd* is thrillingly monosyllabic, supplying all necessary context in a 90-second narration and leaving everything else for the viewer to infer.

The film rapidly unfurls inside the walls of over-peopled urban megacities, Mega City One, a city-sized enforcement camp built on the still smouldering rubble of nuclear apocalypse. Urban's Dredd – a mobile trooper given power of judge, jury and executioner – is teamed with a rookie, Anderson (Olivia Thirlby), who has developed unerringing affinity. She must accompany the colonial garnison enforcer on his rounds as part of her ongoing assessment. Soon, the pair are called to a crime-tainted tower block (the incongruously named "Peach Tree"), ruled over by Luis Herdegen's manic prostitute empress and daughter, Ma-Ma. When Ma-Ma locks down the building with the Judges inside, the race is on to reach the top before being sliced up by her henchmen.

Structurally, the film is almost identical to Gareth Evans' *The Road*, and while some may feel Garland's treatment of the material a little

nuts-and-bolts, it's far, far more provocative and exciting than it might appear an paper. *Dredd* doesn't go out of its way to subvert the genre, even though there's barely a single scene or set-piece that fails fit. And it never unduly nudges political salient to the fore, allowing the emotional implications of the Judges' quasi-fascistic actions to remain tantalizingly unspoken. It's a crude and coarse slab of rigging new-exploitation – low-trust meets high art – that would surely have John Carpenter fat-pumping from the sofa. **BWB/JENKINS**

ANTICIPATION. *The trailer made it look as bad as the *Sky* Showdown seriously from 1996, but in a totally different way.*

ENJOYMENT. *Wow, where the hell did that come from?* *Revealing* diry... and loving it! *Plus- extreme sur French, but great 3D.*

IN RETROSPECT. *As far as my comic-book fare would be satisfied by anything, even: they'd be hard pressed to do that the dark spirit of *Dredd* has been fittingly rechristened*

Now is Good

Directed by OL PARKER
Starring BAKOTA FANNING,
PAUL CONNEDIE,
OLIVIA WILLIAMS
Released SEPTEMBER 23



"I know it's been 'good,' but let's just try and keep it upbeat!" These are the exact words spoken by a radio host to Tess (Dakota Fanning), a teenager with terminal leukemia. Refusing to play along, she makes him look like a fool. And yet the film struggles to strike the right tone every bit as much as our errant DA.

Jenny Downham's 2007 novel, *Before I Die*, has had its title emotionally repurposed as the altogether more cozy *Now is Good*. The film follows the final months of a terminally ill 17-year-old. And – talk aside – it doesn't shy away from the bony truth. The wretched pain of a father (Paddy Considine) who wants to protect a daughter he cannot save battles against the desperate rebelliousness of a young girl who wants to experience as much as she can in the time she has left. But the film is also littered with cheap romanticism. There are slow-motion kisses beneath fireworks, wild horses that run alongside motorbikes and endearingly silhouetted by golden sunsets.

It's a shame that writer/director Ol Parker (who penned recent silver-dollar magnum *The Best Bloody Marigold*) has chosen to undermine the poignancy of his story this way. Initially the film has a wonderful authenticity. Instead of the conventional twentysomething-in-school uniform, Tess and friends feel like genuine teenagers. They yell at their parents and kiss guys, not food boys.

Then Adam (Jeremy Irvine), looking like a boyish Abercrombie & Fitch model, sweeps Tess off her feet, and Parker helplessly vaporphags the dust of teen romance clichés. A mother-cast Considine is heartbreaking in the grieving father while Parker confines her skill as a performer by managing to remain convincing even as the script strays into absurdity that as the two-dimensional Perfect Boyfriend, Irvine chooses myopic beauty from the screen.

The film also features an insconsiderable pro-life subplot wherein Tess's best friend Zayg (Olivia Williams) gets pregnant after having

sex with one of three off-fried boys. She plans to have an abortion, but Tess talks her out of it. That's all very well, yet Parker depicts this as a happy conclusion to a potentially tragic situation. It is thus an irresponsible message to have in a film marketed towards adolescent girls' biomimicry. Because pregnancy is as isolating as sex, nothing solves it like romantic upbeat. **JESSICA LAMBERT**

ANTICIPATION. The premise doesn't sound promising but Dakota Fanning can be delightful **3**

ENJOYMENT. Miserable *of devastating family anguish* will leave you to tears **3**

IN RETROSPECT. But that doesn't make up for the abysmal scenes in between **2**

Ruby Sparks

Directed by JONATHAN DAYTON,
VALERIE PARIS
Starring PAUL DANO,
ZOE KAZAN, ANNETTE Bening
Released OCTOBER 12



It's taken six years for filmmakers Jonathan Dayton and Valerie Faris to move on from their 2006 Sundance hit *Little Miss Sunshine*. And, in a sense, they're still rooted in the past. Because *Ruby Sparks* is forever looking over its shoulder at that earlier film, might as well be between the creative possibilities it affords and the comfort it provides.

Indeed, it's hard to believe that *Ruby Sparks* would exist without its gone-changing predecessor. How else to explain the fact that the under-cooked star of that movie has attracted a similar cast, not to mention the bland father's major movie studio? Every one of them hoping for more *Sunshine* stardom.

Indeed, it's hard to believe that *Ruby Sparks* would exist without its gone-changing predecessor. How else to explain the fact that the under-cooked star of that movie has attracted a similar cast, not to mention the bland father's major movie studio? Every one of them hoping for more *Sunshine* stardom.

Now he lives in chic minimalism with only his dog, his shrink and the burning glow of his laptop for company.

Only Calvin isn't charming, he's repugnant. And possibly deranged. His creativity is mimicked by a bland dream girl, Ruby Sparks (Zoe Kazan), who subsequently appears, fully formed and well-dressed, cooking Calvin's breakfast. Yes, like *Sunshine*, No, he can't explain it. And so, after a suitable interval to ponder the nature of love, the transience of romance and the illusion of perfection, Calvin simply endures Ruby in a prison of his own manicure narcissism, literally writing the path of her life to suit his own pathologies.

Whereas Dayton and Faris subject him to a disastrous final act downfall, right? Well, no. Not only does Paul go unpunished for his crimes, he's rewarded – not just with a new

book but with a second chance... And you realize, as *Ruby Sparks* practically begs you not to question its gaping narrative holes, that there's only one way to explain the film's own set of borderline pathological optimism. These are the *Sunshine* guys. There's no place for shadows in their world. **MATT BON HENSEL**

ANTICIPATION. The long awaited second feature from the *Sunshine* creators **4**

ENJOYMENT. Genuinely baffling – and in a good way **2**

IN RETROSPECT. A big waste of a lot of talent **2**



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Killing Them Softly

Directed by ANDREW DOMINK

Starring BRAD PITT, RAY LIOTTA, JAMES GANDOLFINI

Released SEPTEMBER 21

Washed in a fragrant cloud of cigarette smoke and the cachers of the American Dream, Andrew Dominik's smart follow-up to 2007's *The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford* is a bleak spin-around the ebb of contemporary US politics. Stripped from George V Higgins' 1974 *Mob Against The Max* novel, Cogan's Trade, *Killing Them Softly* shifts the story from Boston to New Orleans circa 2006, where the wounds left by Katrina have yet to be infected by the looming financial crisis.

The presidential election is in full swing, and in the city reaches from the stink of its own decay optimistic campaign slogans such as 'Hope' and 'Change' pour from car stereos and television sets like sick jokes made at the expense of the forgotten underclass. Unashamedly, *Killing Them Softly* is about taking responsibility for your actions and dealing with the consequences of your feelings. No one endures this sentiment more woefully than leather-clad hired gun, Angie Cogan (Brad Pitt), whose cool entrance is accompanied with hollowly by Johnny Cash's anthemic lyrics 'The Man Comes Around'.

After a pair of two-time crooks (Stan McNairy and Animal Kingdom's Ben Mendelsohn) fail to cover their tracks following a audacious raid on a syndicate-run poker game, Angie is brought in to clean up the mess. But his attraction with framed fell guy Markie Tootman (Ray Liotta) means he'll have to risk contract the hit in an old pal, possibly drowning East Coast session Mackie (a showstopping James Gandolfini), whose past lies press and ultimately more trouble than he's worth.

Though narratively and stylistically indebted to the grandiose machismo cultivated by '70s crime flicks *The Godfather*, *Dog Day Afternoon* and *The French Connection*, Dominik's aspirations for outreach that of your average hard-edged brawler. Here the characters are more grotesque (Pitt's included), than the rough-and-shock attire that goes, the dialogue more dissonant and the message more cynical than in those grand truthtellers.

This is an unashamedly pessimistic, grubby portrait of a nation on its knees, in which dirty hands wash dirty hands and where there simply are no good guys left. Even moments of inclined splendour – a close-by

exorcism stands out for its breath-taking gloom and imagery – are purposefully juxtaposed against scenes of sobering inhumanity, most notably a genuinely ugly start-up involving Mackie and a pair of tasteless heists.

As a polemical appraisal of the Obama administration and the era of capitalist greed that preceded it, *Killing Them Softly* is sure to ruffle a few feathers (especially in its release falls a few months shy of the next US election). And yet the point, while unapologetically bleak, is never blazoned. It is in very easy listening, but Dominik's voice (artistic and thematic) has never been so persuasive. ADAM WOODWARD

ANTICIPATION: *Dominik's* *pitiful* *Gandolfini* *Scorsese* *a* *ruff* *let* *there's* *something* *fishy* *in* *that* *title*

4

ENJOYMENT: *Levin* *and* *genuinely* *Cogan* *on* *a* *fallin* *strong*, *though*

3

IN RETROSPECT: 'America isn't a country, it's a business'

4



Keyhole

Directed by GUY MADDIN

Starring JASON PATRICK, ISABELLA ROSSELLINI, LOUIS NEGIN

Released SEPTEMBER 14

REVIEWS

In 'The Nasomobile', Malcolm McDowell's caustic strip from *The Beach*, the enigma of Edie Cox is pictured smugly in a room of a house containing a number of characters with constantly competing agendas. The strip may not be referenced directly by Winnipeg's frosty filmmaker, Guy Maddin - director of *Tales from the Gash Hospital*, *The Baddest Man in the World* and *My Winnipeg* - but it provides a major clue as to the some going on in his latest rising new work, *Keyhole*.

As does the story of Hammer's enchanting hero, Ulysses which the wacky, impred and slyly mischievous Constance Benson has publicly quoted as the inspiration for his most recent and finally incongruous rompage through the wild and wonderful cabinet of his personal memory, macabre obsessions and acidic psychological fixations.

In *Keyhole*, the Ulysses figure is phrased by sometime activist hero Jason Patrick, lead of an outfit of '70s/80s punsters who are dark and stormy night, fight their way out of hell into that no-nonsense dingbat's dead, police-surrounded family home. "Everyone who has been killed, stand behind the wall!" Ulysses orders the mob of fractious, gun toting no-gooders, prostitutes, foofy libertines and demented psychics, announcing their presumed status as mere ghostly apparitions before engaging on his film-long quest to re-unite with his wife

Illyana (long-term Maddin collaborator Isabella Rossellini), who is locked away in an upstairs room with her naked, chained up father, Calypso (Louis Negin).

As a surreal spectacle, *Keyhole*, with its piano-strummed wails, fantastic pantomimes and bicycle-powered Heath Robinson torture instruments, finds closer in spirit to the silent, black-and-white productions of Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dalí than to David Lynch's claustrophobic echoes that of magical puppeteer Jim Jarmusch, just as its sexual treasures, invocations ("Remember me! Remember me!") and Calypso (dreadful) correspondingly exceed the work of Kenneth Anger. The film's macabre evocation of the mid-shouldered tradition of period "haunted house" movies also resurrects the defiance and sense of eerie possibility a laited by low-budget maestro, Val Lewton.

But if *Keyhole* is Maddin's attempt at crossing what he calls "pure narrative concern", he's clearly having a laugh. *Keyhole's* only logic is dream logic - or nightmare logic - which would require a psychopath, not a film critic, to interpret. But if they have a trajectory through it all, Maddin's in his idiosyncratic combinations of sound and image, and his near-drowned immersion in the mists of our (often unconscious) collective filial memory, does manage to communicate some magical sense of a genuine emotional journey - a path, maybe,

from the unquiet chaos of conflicting memory to the calmer waters of reconciliation.

It's true that newcomers to Maddin's work may not find *Keyhole* the easiest introduction to his oddball sensibility, but rest assured: established fans will no doubt find it equally perplexing but eventually rewarding. *Keyhole* could be a film where death has no dominion. Typical of Maddin, his latest project, *Spirchaser*, which begins at the Winnipeg Centre in February 2003, is another resuscitative undertaking, wherein he and his team have set out to remove the dreads from 100 world dimensions - from Wilder to Manzochi, Dovchenko to Vigo - by recreating and linking their lost or siliconified. They could be fun - or should that be misery? **WALLY HAMMOND**

ANTICIPATION: Winnipeg's much-hailed maverick returns.

4

ENJOYMENT: Truly idiosyncratic, edifyingly dense, utterly beguiling.

3

IN RETROSPECT: A bizarre journey into a snarled nightmare world and a lock that men peer up. Maddin never will be able to pitch as a single viewing.

4

Guy Maddin



We speak to Canada's prime exponent of retro, cine-fétiche photostaginess ahead of the release of his typically kooky new film, *Keyhole*.

LW *Keyhole* explores a lot of different topics, which you are personally obsessed with. Why did you decide to look for truth through keyholes?

Guy Maddin As a kid I spent lots of time looking through keyholes and trying to find out what was inside them. I had always thought it would be nice to look through the little holes to secretly watch what could happen behind closed doors. What is important for me is the mystery when you cannot see the whole picture. If you know how to look certain things, you know the way to make a really good piece of art – and I'm not talking about any movie right now. Let's recall thriller movies for instance, or those with a more narrative. Imagine that somebody is dead. You try to find out who the killer is. You open door after door, finding nothing. You're looking for the truth. When you finally open the right door, the game is over. There is no more pleasure waiting for you. In truly great art the more you find out, the deeper the mystery is. I am happy to just keep opening the doors and making things more and more confusing.

The cinema-going experience has changed a lot since the dawn of digital technology. You often work with footage taken from the silent cinema era and are referred to as an 'experimental' filmmaker. How do you feel about that?

I like to be considered as a sort of like pioneer a time traveller who dresses up in old clothes. Still, I am working as digital and my next big project is

about the internet. I am going to direct 100 short films in 100 days in four different countries. I'm starting shooting in Paris with Charlotte Rampling and Matthew阿马斯。So I feel like a genuine pioneer, too. But you know, on the other hand, there is nothing new in me. When you're listening to your grandmother's bed stories – if she is a good storyteller – you totally sink into them. You don't want her to go but at the very same moment, you crave to see every character from the story but her. I am just like a grandmother who tells you a story.

Watching *Keyhole* is like setting out on a journey. You feel like a fearful kid sitting in a small passenger car entering the Ghost Train at the fair.

All the motions in the movie are connected with sadness, loneliness and are a bit ghoulish at the same time. There is a recent tragedy in the air, but everybody is still functioning. They are like ghosts that are having dialogues with each other. Dialogue in *Keyhole* is a sort of vehicle that allows me to put everybody in one movie and immerse them in the same story. Ghosts? See them in the same way I see memories. I find it interesting that my dreams and memories start talking with each other as well.

What is your approach to introducing humour into your work?

I don't want anyone to think that I'm a serious guy or a wanker so I include comedy moments within certain scenes, besides, life is funny, isn't it? Humour pops up suddenly and it shouldn't surprise anybody. I'm a bit of a laughter whore and if I see laughter among the audience, it means that someone is paying attention to me.



Diana Vreeland: The Eye Has to Travel

Directed by LISA THIMORDE DINO VREELAND, BENT JØRGEN PERLMUTT, FREDERIC TCHENG

Starring DIANA VREELAND

Released SEPTEMBER 21

REVIEWS

Documentary *Diana Vreeland: The Eye Has to Travel* recounts the life of legendary Harper's Bazaar and Vogue editor Diana Vreeland, often referred to by a sifting soubriquet, 'The Empress'. Memoirs of the fashion dynamo, striding from her office and hurling her coat at her gawking assistant are recalled by one-time employee Ali McGraw that although the style icon so famed has become a caricature staple since *The Devil Wears Prada* (and can be dated book to William Shirer 1960 satire, *Who Are the Holy Maggot?*), which features a peripatetic after-based on Vreeland's directors Lee Domerowski, Bent-Jørgen Perlmutt and Frederic Tcheng don't undermine caricature-type.

While acknowledging the base in her character, the film also exhibits a larger-than-life anguish who publicly maintained herself according to her fantasy, and encouraged other women to follow suit.

Snippets from interviews with Vreeland in her famous red living room (plastered her 'golden in hell') are repeated by voice-overs. Even though it's obvious that they've been staged, these modulations in her words are a nice touch, especially as she tended to her own image so judiciously.

Born in Belgium Paris and establishing herself in New York during the roaring '20s, Vreeland displayed a preternatural gift for absorbing surrounding luxury. Raised by school, she was raised on Russian ballet. Educated by her socially mother as ugly,

she became determined to stand out in the world. And stand out she did, making herself up Adelphi-style with rouge eyes, and gaining notoriety for her famous 'Why don't you?' Mephisto's Bazaar column - a Depression-era, escapist call to lavish acts such as, 'wash(y)ing your blood child's hair in dead champagne, as they do in France'.

While Coco Chanel revolutionized style with practical simplicity, Vreeland never lost a taste for the extravagant. This situated decision (while fervently spending committed to her eventual dismissal from *Vogue*), but raised the bar on artistic vision for magazine firmly preoccupied with how to please husbands and co-workers.

Romantic shoots in far-flung continents brought coherent fantasy into focus. When Weston had looked down on work as a sign of poverty, but Vreeland made having a career chic. She challenged beauty conventions, shooting Barbara Streisand like a Renaissance statue to celebrate her nose, and favored personality, showing on rock legend and becoming the first to picture Mick Jagger in the fashion pages. The Electra soundtrack - featuring the Stones' 'She's a Rainbow' - echoes her whistling grandeur.

One fundamental Vreeland never met her grandmother in law, and perhaps this focus on Vreeland's preternatural side comes from respectful reticence to say there are ugly hats, however, that Vreeland used fashion as armor for emotional vulnerability. While her

marriage to handsome banker Reed Vreeland lasted 46 years she admits always feeling shy around him (though her well-documented infidelities are mentioned).

Among an assemblage of interviews from the fashion world - Angelina Jolie, Oscar de la Renta, Marni Black and photographer Richard Avedon - Vreeland's raw sans tentatively confess they wanted a 'normal' mother who paid than more attention. Only Vreeland would instruct her children to be either top or bottom of the class - anything but the middle. **CARMEN GRAF**

ANTICIPATION. Diana Vreeland was extravagantly larger than life. Can her director granddaughters find a fresh approach with a view of recent fashion lives? **2**

ENJOYMENT. Breathtakingly velvety along capturing the far, transformative side of an often sordid industry and one of its expresses. **3**

IN RETROSPECT. With velocity and wit to match the woman herself, this documentary foregrounds stereotype to celebrate a complex, vibrant and influential figure. **4**



Beasts of the Southern Wild

Directed by BENH ZEITLIN

Starring QUVENZHANE WALLIS, DWIGHT HENRY, LEVY EASTERLY

Released OCTOBER 19



More than living up to its evocative title, *Beasts of the Southern Wild* is a loose vision of a movie. Adapted by Lucy Alibar from her own play, *Jesus and Lorraine*, with the help of debut director Benh Zeitlin, it was shot on slender means with a non-professional cast and boundless ambition. Its 2012 Sundance premiere sparked rapturous reviews, earned it the Grand Jury prize and sparked some intense critical debate.

It's the story of a young girl, Hushpuppy (Quvenzhane Wallis), who lives with her sternly eccentric father, Wink (Dwight Henry). They reside in a ramshackle bayou community on the farthest reaches of the Louisiana delta. Hushpuppy's mother long since 'sown her memory'. When outside forces threaten their existence and Wink's health begins to decline, Hushpuppy's extraordinary resilience is put to the ultimate test.

While the film's setting is contemporary, it quickly becomes clear that Hushpuppy's is a childhood free of consumerist trapping. And yet, while refreshingly unhampered, it's by no means idealised, left to her own devices, she is a kid who can be found cooking her supper with a blowtorch.

Zeitlin conveys a vivid, particular and uncanny world through the eyes of a plain-

speaking, courageous child guide. The resulting film is richly unpredictable, and attempts to hold it down risk reducing its stock—a heartily gaudy mix of ecological fable, coming-of-age fantasy and apocalyptic adventure. If on paper that makes it sound fitfully unlistenable, the force of its lead performances and its unusual tone—shredded by its grassroots production methods, sustained aesthetic and bewitching characters—make watching it feel like a thrilling discovery.

Quvenzhane Wallis, who was cast as Hushpuppy aged just five, gives an unashamedly giddy performance, precisely because it never feels like one. While as Wink, real-life bakery owner Dwight Henry manages to inspire empathy, concern and affection at a tone-

that those who aren't entirely swept along by its episodic narrative might find *Beasts* to be less than the sum of its parts, and little far from a perfect film. Though it's hard not to be charmed when it makes a virtue out of imperfection at every stroke, from the non-professional casting to its harrumph special effects (green screened pigs with lumbering, horned heads and pretty convincingly for 'Narcolest' mythical beasts who loom large in Hushpuppy's imagination), which are splashed— with glorious incongruity—with what looks like *National Geographic* archive footage of melting icecaps.

It has been accused by some of being a clichéd black magic realism and, given its post-Katrina echoes, of perpetuating damaging cultural stereotypes. Others, meanwhile, complain that it fails to engage with the political issues it so often broaches—specifically extreme poverty in the US—saying either if you like reading political correctness into characters names in superhero franchises, you'll have a field day with *Beasts*, precisely because it defies a simple allegorical reading. Approach it with an open mind, though, and you may just stumble across one of the most startlingly imaginative, directional debuts of recent years. **SOPHIE IAN**

ANTICIPATION. Despite superlatives written up, approach with caution any film for grown-ups where lead character is named 'Hushpuppy'

ENJOYMENT. Delightful, unexpected, unlike anything you've seen in a long time

IN RETROSPECT.
What are we watching again?



Barbara

Directed by CHRISTIAN PETZOLD

Starring NINA HOSS, RONALD ZEHFELD, RAINER BOCK

Released SEPTEMBER 28

REVIEWS

If Christian Petzold's 2006 film *Jerichow* boldly transplanted the falidomic redoubts of Douglas Sirk and the manner of classic film noir into a begolding and restrained art house body, the German director's latest, *Barbara*, is a Cold War character study that extends those genteel considerations even deeper into the fabric of its specific milieu.

The social and political tensions of communist life in the post-East German town of Borsigau are as seedy-sweet as Petzold's lyrical mise-en-scène that the rigours of daily existence like an almost organic quality. Wind in the broad and crashing waves are physical markers of erosion, the perfect symbolic complement to each major character's nuclear battle against institutional apathy.

Described as 'bully' by a high-ranking police officer (Rainer Bock) before she even utters a word, the film's title character (played by Petzold mentor Nina Hoss) is the kind of durable and conflicted woman the director specialises in. As with the two lead characters in *Jerichow*, Barbara has a troubled past that won't stop featuring her present. In between rounds as a doctor at a ramble provincial hospital where she cares for attempted suicide cases and escapes from the local internment camp, Barbara suffers random raids by the secret police for some unnamed past offence. Despite this ongoing harassment, the place to escape to

West Germany and join her wealthy lover for a life of freedom.

So the juxtaposition of professional duty (Barbara has a certain bedside manner) and individualism becomes the film's most striking duality, a multi-faceted conflict that grows increasingly tense with each passing minute. Stylistically, Barbara reveals a certain angularity or composition that call attention to its main characters' internal strife. Instead, Petzold often frames Hoss in static medium shots, allowing her meat neck and surface strands of blonde hair to hover above the green and grey hues of her surroundings. This subtle approach to composition creates the false impression of freedom for a character constantly under psychological siege.

Without relying on explicit plot exposition, Petzold reveals Barbara's moral nuances through shifts in her facial expression, mostly during closed off moments to which only the viewer is privy. Matching as Barbara's emotional facade – constructed to protect her financial independence – begins to crackle under the mounting and retraumatizing pressure. Her attraction to a fellow doctor (Ronald Zehrfeld) only complicates this process, but it's Barbara's time spent with older patients that ultimately proves to be the greatest test for her cold persona and moral plight.

Though *Barbara's* situation creates numerous opportunities for rifts on classic genre

stereotypes (in particular interpretation and class separation), Petzold resists sensationalising his characterisation/intensity. *Barbara* extends a complex human situation left unfinished, still ripe with possibility and nuance. Finally, Petzold suggests that there is no escaping such a natural place in the world, whether you're helping the weak from inside the community, jiggering or discussing an emotional connection with someone who can't keep their eyes off you. Both are simply different shades of humanity trying to survive. **GLENN HEATH JR.**

ANTICIPATION Barbara won the directing prize at this year's Berlin Film Festival, so expectations were high despite Petzold remaining relatively unknown.

ENJOYMENT An engaging character study about shades of humanity subtending the environmental medicine, and a prime showcase for the great German actress, Nina Hoss.

IN RETROSPECT With *Barbara*, Petzold earns his stripes among Europe's auteurs.

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SARAH

Liberal Arts

Directed by JOSH RADNOR

Starring JOSH RADNOR, ELIZABETH OLSEN, ZAC EFRON

Released OCTOBER 5

Liberal Arts is a film load-ever hauls in love with the written word. Disclosures spend their days perusing the aisles of antique bookshops, comparing notes on David Foster Wallace and perusing handwritten letters about the joys of penning handwritten letters. They converse in a language of hypertextual literary references, like unusually well-read Judd Apatow characters whose cultural touchstones have finally advanced beyond *Trading Places*. They dispense over the cultured popularity of reality television, are mystified by the success of the *Twilight* novels and would presumably be seen spiraling into apocalyptic shock by the mere sight of an Amazon Kindle.

Chastising television seems a little crip for a film like *Liberal Arts*, especially as its writer/director/star, Josh Radnor, has turned to the former TV of his youth, *How I Met Your Mother*. Here, he plays thirty-something admissions officer Jessie Fisher, whose comfortable Manhattan existence is undermined only by the sneaking suspicion that he peaked in

college and has been going downhill ever since. And so an invitation to the leaving dinner of a shorn-faced ex-professor (David Krakow) is all that's required to tempt Jessie back to his Ohio alma mater for one last dose of student life. There he meets Robby (Elizabeth Olsen), an English lit major 10 years his junior, and the walking embodiment of everything he's eager to reexperience.

Robby's myriad obsessions — her love of classical music, her passion for impractical theater (the fat girls and) — soon cast Jessie out of his shell, and before long he's wrangling with the ethical implications of doting a teenager. But having failed to establish any meaningful connection between the pair, the slick-to-hacky success mangles on the nature of aging also proves unconvincing real-life: some people grow up too quickly, some don't grow up at all, some become better and cynical as these old age, some discover a new sense of purpose.

There's no denying the good intentions of Jessie and — by extension — the film as a whole. Yet *Liberal Arts*' commitment to bland

inattentionism is its undoing. Even Radnor's physical resemblance to his now 38 shock comic Dane Cook serves only as a reminder of his inability to provoke reactions even half as strong as those elicited by his obviously dappledganger. Instead, he flings through the movie in a state of semi-torpor, only coming to life when reliving the transcendent experience he finds so readily in literature. If his intention was to make books cool again, Radnor succeeds, but only by making circumstances CHARLIE LINE.

ANTICIPATION. An arthouse Never Been Kissed. Tell us more

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ENJOYMENT. Okay, we've heard enough

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IN RETROSPECT. You'd do well to take the film's advice: read a book instead

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The Snows of Kilimanjaro

Directed by ROBERT GUÉGŁIGUAN
Starring JEAN-PIERRE DARRASSEIN,
GERALD MÉYLAN, ARIANE ASCARIDE
Reopened SEPTEMBER 21



Though he barely sends the hotel a flutter with his bland, almost featureless style of filmmaking, Robert Guédiguian offers plenty to pull over with tactfully with that socially conscious morality play about false representations of the working class. Inspired by the Victor Hugo poem 'The Poor', the film subtly challenges middle class perceptions of those living in or below the poverty line. And as well as posing pertinent questions about how society at large can properly function if it lacks the ability to comprehend its own make-up, it also draws on the unceasingly messy existence of individuals, and how the course of one person's life is often dictated by that of another.

Beloved decayed union leader Michel (played by France's most heartfelt screen presence, Jean-Pierre Darroussin) picks names out of a hat to announce the 20 men who will be made redundant on the basis of some necessary

corporate downsizing. His own name comes up, and with a wryful quotation from French socialist hero Jean-Jaurès, Michel accepts his locker and chips off into the comfortable world of childhood, backseats and hedge evenings that makes up early retirement.

He experiences a slighter sensation that he still has more to offer, but his life is altered when his home is invaded by a pair of naked, gun-toting assassins, and it's not long before he discovers that one of the attackers is a labourer he recently sent out on his ear.

Though tonally a completely different beast, Guédiguian's film plays like a shorter, more tender, beachside version of Michael Winter's *Holdie*. There's a distinct similarity in the way the two films observe how our fervent attempts to understand those less fortunate than ourselves can lead to bouts of crippling guilt and even force us to carry out uncharitable acts.

There is almost enough ambiguity within the text to forgive the soap opera banality of the technique (as well as repeated use of an appalling cover of 'Many Rivers to Cross' by Joe Cocker). But only just. **0.01/D.JENKINS**

ANTICIPATION. Robert Guédiguian is a veteran French film director, though his recent output has barely been essential

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ENJOYMENT. The kind of robust, issue-driven drama that the French seem to be able to punch out between breakfast and beach.

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IN RETROSPECT. Bigger than it first appears. And even playing it different, *Darroussin* dazzles

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Hope Springs

Directed by DAVID FRANKEL
Starring MERYL STREEP, TOMMY LEE JONES, STEVE CARELL
Reopened SEPTEMBER 14



I thought to myself the idea that you've seen *Hope Springs* before. Kay (Meryl Streep) and Arnold (Tommy Lee Jones) are a couple in their mid-sixties who journey to a remote seaside town in the hope that extensive couples counselling (Dr. Wolf (Steve Carell), will be able to restore some degree of intimacy to their failing marriage. Like 2009's *It's Complicated* (starring Streep), it feels too much like a by-the-numbers rom-com whose sole benefit is that its central characters are old.

And there's lots of sex, too. From libido to the pair's unromantic 'knowledge' to the painfully uncomfortable therapy sessions with Dr. Wolf which cover threesomes with the neighbour, blagues and eye contact during sex, *Hope Springs* is adorable in the way it doesn't shy away from the fact that people of all ages and stages get physical. Occasionally the resulting comedy is both humourous and believable with Streep and Jones convincing and endearing in the graft, sonnily

inward-looking couple with whom we relish the memories on their faces.

The problem is that middle-aged libido difficulties aren't taken as seriously as director David Frankel clearly thinks. We all know that marriages can because that after 30 years, and we are all aware that patching things up isn't as simple as scrolling on a work of couple's entries on the sticks.

The film thus loses its way in the second half, especially when Carell trades his wisecracking for sappy earnestness and actually trying to fix Kay and Arnold's relationship. It becomes clear where the plot is headed as we're hurried churlishly away from the merry slapstick towards an anti-climactic 'happy' ending.

It's another disappointing offering from the director of *The Devil Wears Prada* and *Mrs. Doubtfire*. What on paper must have appeared refreshing and new turns out to be cloying and

backhanded at times. Kay and Arnold are an older, wiser and more complex couple than *Hope Springs* allows them to be, but, as it is, we've definitely seen these people and their possibilities before. **SOPHIE HASLETT**

ANTICIPATION. A see caused for older couples mainly, *if a little cringe*

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ENJOYMENT. It's the slippiest plot since this movie rather than the *controversial*, and there isn't enough of it.

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IN RETROSPECT. Mirthily diverting, but far from either of its lead actors' best.

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LastExitToNowhere.com

"Good Grief" considers our first need of grief for all within our family can be very important.





Room 237

Directed by RODNEY ASCHER
Released OCTOBER 26

Documentaries about films are tricky these; there have been many engrossing (and a few scandalous) examples in the past, but while they have presented the filmmaking process at its most fraught and exciting, they tend to end up as footnotes in the big book of cinema history. Or, as new indie *Room 237* is the case, *David* extra.

In stark contrast, *Room 237*, an inquiry into some points in Stanley Kubrick's *The Shining*, is not a making-of documentary (Vinicio Rabeck covered that base over 30 years ago with his celebrated *Making 'The Shining'*), but an exploration of various interpretations of the famously diverse, labyrinthine horror flick.

First-time feature director Rodney Ascher weaves a heady tapestry of warped film clips, an early funky score (which sounds like guitars a cappella), Goblin (playing with Kubrick collaborator Wendy Carlos) and, front-and-center, audio interviews with a bunch of *Shining* enthusiasts, each with their own take on what the Turnbeaus' tragic trip to the Overlook Hotel actually means.

Surprisingly, every single one of them is absolutely bonkers. Their thinking goes that as Kubrick was such a meticulous filmmaker, everything in the film has meaning. The director's obsession with depth of field, for example, was not simply to create a sense of space, but to make it possible to fill shots with

visual clues. Thus, the hand of Jack (typewriter) might just betray a Holocaust subplot. The posters on the hotel walls, the banned goods in the pantry, and even the layout of the hotel itself breed even more sinister theories. And any continuity errors – a impossible window, a disappearing chair – aren't accidents, but further riddles to be solved.

Thankfully, Ascher doesn't simply lump on these interpretations – he allows them the opportunity to speak for itself while giving us the space to share in his interviewees' personal eureka moments. At its best, there's genuine excitement during some of the more unlikely readings, and (at least the suggestion that) *The Shining* is proof that Kubrick is (god-like) the 1968 Moon Landing, as revealed by the fact that Danny Torrance is wearing an Apollo 11 jumpsuit.

Room 237 does more than pale fun – it shines a light on how great films get lodged in the viewer's mind. Some of the theorists talk about how, upon first glaze, they were frustrated, only reaching their heightened state of understanding through meditation and repeat viewings. This enlightenment mirrors *The Shining*'s own central standing, which shifted from buzzword-maniac (Jack Nicholson for *Worst Actor* seriously!) to bona fide classic. It speaks of a very different film culture to modern-day geek navel-gazing or the "what'd it mean?" questions that do little to match Christopher Nolan's inception.

Indeed, *Room 237* provides a thrilling reminder of how art can inspire the audience to unexpected heights – or depths – of obsession. But its most exciting image is also its most faintest, that of the master filmmaker not battling with the technical challenges of constructing his epics, but overseeing the creation of a massive, maddening puzzle. With his unrivaled talents, Kubrick sought to craft a film that could sustain decades of close reading, something with multiple layers, facets and meanings. A Kubrick cult, if you will. **MICHAEL LEAHY**

ANTICIPATION. What else could possibly be said about *The Shining*?

ENJOYMENT. Plenty, if you can. The crappiest theories faxed in *Room 237* may be a little far-fetched, but they're entertaining and exhilarating to pick through.

IN RETROSPECT. By capturing the giddy thrill that comes from decoding difficult films, *Room 237* says something profound about being a cinephile.

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Pusher

Directed by LUIS PRIETO

Starring RICHARD COYLE, BRONSON WEBB, AGYNNESS DEYNI

Released OCTOBER 12

Like Peake's *Pusher* begins at the end, with an apocalyptic message of its final scenes when the isolation and abandonment of protagonist Frank (Richard Coyle) have reached their cresc. In what follows (and, chronologically speaking, precedes), this middle-earning, middle-pusher may seem to have it all together, enjoying the devotion of young associate Tony (Bronson Webb), the love of gossipping girlfriend Fia (Agyness Deyni), the close friendship of high-level supplier Milo (Gethin Burnet) and his proud enforcer Risdon (Mike Renda), plus the respect and fear of clients like Paul (Paul Kaye). All these are fragile, desperate illusions. Frank's downward trajectory is only certainty.

There is another way in which Frank's descent into a state of total loss is marked as a tragic inevitability. *Per Pusher* is following, with very few deviations, a route already mapped out in Nicolas Winding Refn's *Doomsday* (from 1994) – a film that has already spawned Refn's two sequels as well as Anton Corbijn's 2010 *Loco* and, lastly, *Pusher*'s remaking.

In our current age of economic instability, the story of *Pusher* turns out to be a myth worth retelling – and, like a Greek tragedy, it updates its apocalyptic source to reflect upon the concerns of the moment. The inclusion of John Travolta as executive producer, and the reprise by Ianc

of the one role that was a constant throughout Refn's original trilogy, ensure that Prieto's version repays its own debt to the past, while forging continuities with the present.

Debt is everywhere in *Pusher*, as the normally shrewd Frank finds himself out of luck and up to his knapsack in arrears after being off more than he can chew in a big drug deal gone south. Desperate to raise money before being crippled (or worse) by his creditors, Frank turns to mil in the smaller debts of those lower than himself in the feeding chain, and is driven headlong down a path where everything of value in his life will be destroyed.

Even worse, doled out by the entitled sense that he still retains a proper in the game, Frank will refuse to take his one available escape route, thus sentencing his own downfall. And so, if ever there was an anti-heroic figure to embody the credit crunch and its various aftermaths, it is Frank, a dead man walking, or at least running an empty, whose highs and lows over one eventful week will dramatise such death-in-life expressions as *Take a jump in the dark* and *Views the toilet*.

Where Refn's *Pusher* was a slice of dirty realism, carved out of various hand-held tracking shots, Prieto's version, is all its gaudy near-fit. Iggyishly, closer closer to the stylisations of *Rebel Drive*, as coked-up jump cuts and juddery, haltingatory effects are used

to reflect Frank's paranoid, pinching psyche. In what is a very difficult part, Coyle keeps our sympathies with a character who is hard to like, while model Deyni, in her first big on-screen role, is a revelation as the tact with a heart who is also *jealous*, *jealous*, and hard-headed enough to know when to snitch the winnings and leave the gaming table.

In one scene towards the end, when occasional escort Fia objects to someone in a club calling her a "whore," Frank responds: "Ain't you?" It is the tragedy of all these *anti-heroes* characters, and of anyone caught out by the moment: occasion to live it up blithely beyond one's means (and at others' expense) without realising that, amidst all that delirious screwing you too were getting royally fucked. ANTHONY HETEL

ANTICIPATION.

Another remake of Pusher?

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ENJOYMENT *A doomsday spiral from dark humor to delusion and despair*

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IN RETROSPECT *A tragic myth of our times, worth retelling and thrillingly retold*

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The Queen of Versailles

Directed by LAUREN GREENFIELD
Starring JACKIE SIEGEL, DAVID SIEGEL
Released SEPTEMBER 7



Born into a home where she had to queue to use the shared toilet, Jacqueline Mallory always wanted more. Relishing to settle for mediocrity, Jackie ditched her squalid digs and married David Siegel – multi-millionaire CEO and owner of Westgate Resorts, the largest privately held timeshare company in the world. The Siegels became a couple who were addicted to excess. They have eight children, twice as many pets, and trucks and trucks of roses. They are the antithesis of Lauren Greenfield's shaming documentary, *The Queen of H�ouseth*.

When Greenfield film kicks off in 2000, Jackie and David are embarking upon their biggest expense to date – the construction of a dream home based on 'Sun King' Louis XIV's ultra-plush Palace of Versailles. Once finished, the 90,000 square foot property promised to be the largest privately owned home in America with (among other things) three pools, a helipad complete with stenciled

glass skylight and 30 bathrooms. So no more queuing for Jackie...

Development of the knock-off chateau is in full swing when the economic crisis hits, setting the stage for a 'rag-to-riches-to-rags' tale. As the Siegels struggle to maintain the lifestyle to which they've become accustomed, their current home becomes derelict, the unfriendly police become derelict and the Siegels themselves become a metaphor for the melancholic fate of American civilization.

The Queen of Versailles shrewdly catches the seemingly indestructible Siegels as their empire crumbles around them to reveal the conscientious yet fisking beneath a shiny facade. Through the microcosm of one family, Greenfield's documentary makes for a bracing example of how greed can stain a person so deeply that redemption or apology can become lost even when faced with brutal personal consequences.

Word on the street is that once filming wrapped in 2011 Siegel's business has taken an upturn and the combination of 'Versailles' is back on – a stark reminder that life is always unpredictable, but rarely fair. **ANNE THREIDEL**

ANTICIPATION. Ever since *The Queen of Versailles* nabbed Greenfield a Sundance directing spot at the beginning of the year, it's been on our radar.

ENJOYMENT. Prepare to be shocked, disgraced and compelled.

IN RETROSPECT. 'Google Jackie Siegel' for the twentieth time today'

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It Always Rains on Sunday (1947)

Directed by ROBERT HAMER
Starring GOOGIE WITHERS,
JACK WARNER, JOHN McCALLUM
Released OCTOBER 26



Robert Hamer remains synonymous with 1940s' quintessential British film. *Kind Hearts and Coronets* set that underlined example of British noir with a comic pro-Socialist undercurrent not only stands toe-to-toe with his solo joint classic, but also with such homegrown masterworks as Carol Reed's *Odd Man Out*, or even David Lean's life-long May to December romance, *Brief Encounter*.

The film opens by addressing the promise of the title, capturing rainfall over the red-brick edifice of East London. Hamer's film is a thrillingly ambiguous examination of how criminal activity can infiltrate all levels of working class life. For hirsute borscht-faced chittered domestic godless, Rose (the willowy Googie Withers), the notion of scruples is tested when dastardly old stane Tommy Stevens (John McCollum) escapes from Dartmoor Prison with a

plan to high tail it to Cape Town.

Rose initially counsels wisdom on her cool dad, a set up that engenders a series of tense sequences that would've given Hitchcock the vapours. But this is no cold and dead genre game, as Hamer and co-screenwriters Henry Carradine and Angus MacPhail provide Rose's life changing elation a subcultural subtext. The bootleg markets nearby see a breeding ground for vice, a place where love and deception are rife, everyone looking for an angle, and on the moral harringtons of post-War life, 'romanticism' and 'truth' have become dirty words.

Hamer's matchless directorial marshalling brings together phenomenal sound design (in a breathlessly executed chase shot over an outdoor market) and in the heart-stopping train yard chase finale, ravishing chiaroscuro photography care of first son, Douglas Slocombe.

But, above all, this is a masterpiece for the ear and

acting talents of Withers, whose subtle, evocative performance befits a woman who quickly learns the difference between the anxious silence of the shirkily turned out petty crime and the potentially dire (but oh so exciting) consequences of dawdling in the arms of a globe-trotting gangster. **TONI JENKINS**

ANTICIPATION. A chance to see East London before it got, when 'reopened' for the Olympics

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ENJOYMENT. A breath-taking mélange of romance and crime drama. A British classic

5

IN RETROSPECT. Seriously, this gets better and better with every viewing

5

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Holy Motors

Directed by LEOS CARAX

Starring DENIS LAVANT, EDITH SCOB, KYLIE MINOGUE

Release SEPTEMBER 28

REVIEWS

Who knows? Louis Cane, dissolute, amiable, over-reaching Sébastien, chain-smoking kickboxer for the artistic ideals of the Nouvelle Vague of the 60s and the cinema d'absurde of the '90s, has finally made a film that's worthy of his esteemed reputation. Through blustering to try and state in finite terms what Alyx Akhavan is, it's far too much, impudent and pledged to cosy index. Thus it's a loose-lab adzyard that flings in the face of easy interpretation.

But we shall take a punt. Or at least offer a few readings of events. Take one: it's a film examining the past, present and future of movie acting. A whistlingly superhuman performance from Cane: more Denis Lavant powers *Holy Motors* through its nine chapters (plus charming, several-draws outtake). He plays the world-weary Marquis or Oscar winding through Paris in a stretch Limousine that's being drawn by Ruthie-deah - the masked human pin cushion in Georges Dreyfus' 1960 masterpiece, *Eye of the Needle*. Every time he steps outside for an 'assignment', he is transformed into a new avatars, a new story, inhabiting an entirely new body and soul.

First he's a big lady, then a motion capture shaman, then a crooked old never-dweller with a wavy ginger beard who exhibits totoes/fingerbones, then a worn-out father picking up his daughter from a party, then a Chinese gangster, then assassin, etc. The film offers a window into the joy and sadness of acting as an

occupation, as Oscar flits between 'characters' while never having ample time to attend to and shape his own. A lesser talent than Cane may not have been able to flip between the comic, the tragic, the infrasub, and the extraordinary with such insouciant grace.

All the while, *Holy Motors* retains a seductive range of maddiness. It constantly reminds us of the man behind the mask as Oscar - with hacking cough and operating-drink problem - knows that he's not going to be able to do that job forever. Which brings us neatly to another reading of the film, one related to the idea of technology and how difficult it is to adapt to rampant modernity.

In Lavant's charlatan performance, *Holy Motors* makes a plea for the simple joys of the organic. It remorselessly goes over Oscar's one-off application of make-up for each new life he creates. At numerous punctums it polarizes at a dystopic future where gravitational cynically direct awareness to web profiles, censuses are invisible to the human eye and ears talk to each other about death online. There's also an amazing scene inside the derelict Samaritaine department store in which Kyle Minogue delivers a stirring musical number. The scene operates as a powerful lament for the die-eyed sonority of the Hollywood musical as well as this giddy, grand old Art Deco building that has been allowed to fall into ruin.

But then it could also - in the best traditions of Gide - be a metaphysical par-

able about the rules, responsibilities and reality-shaping capabilities of the film director. What can filmmakers do in transcend the strictures of genre? In this case, the answer is to queer rather than exploit. In the film's mysterious prologue, Oscar himself is seen falling out of bed then passing through a wall to the balcony of a picture palace. This film is a glimpse inside the inner workings of his mind, and utterly potent though it may initially appear, it's a movie which, in the end, only adds layers of overlive ambiguity to the debris it proves drugs.

In the end, Alyx Akhavan could also be seen as a very sad film about the onslaught of death. Marquis Oscar's shape-shifting mystery tour of Paris is itself a metaphor for the vanity of life's experience and the crushing fact that it's all over too damn soon. **DAVID JENKINS**

ANTICIPATION. Cane has given拿出来 quite since 1999's sporadically dazzling *Judy*. **Pela X**

ENJOYMENT. Holy shit! The rare thing in cinema: something entirely new.

IN RETROSPECT. A journey you'll need to take over and over to truly discover its beguiling depths.

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Leos Carax

Our essential guide to the estranged French maverick who has spectacularly returned to the artistic fray with his new film, *Holy Motors*



ILLUSTRATION

Essence of style

Like any cultural outlier worth his salt, Leos Carax was an ardent disciple of that original enfant terrible, Arthur Rimbaud. The writer's influence extended further than the mere appropriation of a title for Carax's material 1984 film, *Mauvais Sang*; as few artists have taken so literally the poet's preface in his *Lettres de Volta* that, 'the poet becomes a man through a long, arduous and reasoned deprogramming of all the senses'.

Carax's cinema is one of sensory overload, of grand gestures and propulsive movement. Rimbaud's statement was never more literally felt than in the chaotic capture evoked by the central scene of his biopic, *Billy* from 1996, *Les Amants du Pont Neuf*. A couple on a bridge – a frenzied nowhere place suspended between two worlds – dance back and forth beneath cosmic illuminations as though their souls were ablaze. Frameworks exploding overhead. The fire of artifice.

As brilliant a filmmaker who began his career as a critic for *Cahiers du Cinéma* (ironically championing Buñuel's *Viridiana*), Carax's films are packed with cinematic allusions. Yet Carax is no Tarantino, as he is not a subjective, mapped interpretation of the chaotic and literary landscape. He prefers an emotional

rather than intellectual or literal echo back to Chaplin, Keaton, Cocteau and Godard, reconstructing and brightening his references to form one of the many threads he weaves into the decadent fabric of his own, singular works.

The early years

From his 1984 debut *Rey Meets Oval*, Carax employed every stylistic tool at his disposal to create a world at once recognisable but also reflectively, self-consciously constructed. The expansive reaches of the eponymous *Pont Neuf* (a bridge in central Paris) for his 1991 film was built over a lake in Montpellier, an indulgence that would have been enough to make a Tati, Vauclin or Cannes blanch. It led to the film becoming the most expensive French production (and biggest commercial) film of all time.

If his films walk a tightrope between the real and the unreal, between pain and ecstasy or, as his detractors would have it, between the sublime and the ridiculous, they're also relatively straightforward in a narrative sense. His are tales of amour flou, of love absent or unrequited, all leading to ecstatic crescendos and set pieces of staggering virtuosity. His characters often burn into involuntary physical expression as though possessed. Music is often

the catalyst, and Carax's crazy use of David Bowie songs in all of his films peaks with one of his most extraordinary sequences, as a radio set blares upon 'Modern Love' in *Mauvais Sang*.

Off-piste

As much as Carax fits the very definition of an outlier, his films remain indebted to his company of stars, most notably Dennis Hopper, in these features playing Carax on screen alter ego, Alex. There is an actor-director relationship in *Rey* behind the grats, and *Léonard*, alternating quiet intervention and noise expressiveness is a defining feature of Carax's work. His presence is rarely missed in the dark, aphoristically reclusive literary adaptation *Pola X*. That said, it's a partnership that couldn't have been constructed with more twisted art than in Carax's biopic, the central section in the 2008 performance film *Tulip*.

After the financial disaster of *Les Amants du Pont Neuf* and the mixed reception to what remains his most challenging work, *Pola X*, it seems as if Carax is at last back to his old tricks with the sublime *Holy Motors*. And what tricks they are.

Rey Meets Oval, *Mauvais Sang* and *Pola X* are available on DVD via The Leon Carax Collection from Wildside UK.

Hit and Run

Directed by DAVID PALMER,
DAVID SHEPARD
Starring BAX SHEPARD,
KRISTEN BELL, BRADLEY COOPER
Reopened OCTOBER 12



“You’re not concentrating,” says Charlie (David Shepard). “This is the only moment you need to be worried about, there’s no yesterday, there’s no tomorrow, there’s just right now.”

Charlie’s girlfriend, Annie (Kristen Bell), frets about the future with her dead-end job at backwoods Shiloh Valley College about to be rechristened a better suited post in L.A. to further strain her relationship with Charlie, himself called in Miller on a Wilson Protection Program. Charlie, however, is more concerned about the past catching up with him as he drives Annie to L.A. in his custom-modified '67 Lincoln. Pursued by a federal Marshall, Annie’s ex, two cops and a wing-fit crew of one-time fellow bankrobbers, this former getaway driver will have to figure a new more honest “now” with Annie.

Writer/director/star Shepard is himself a car enthusiast, so you might expect this cross-country caper to be all about the road

of the engine and the thrill of the chase. But Annie hilariously disrupts this hyper-masculine trajectory with her feminine perspective. While she may actually be excited to zoom along for the ride, she also observes the sexual homophobia in Charlie’s discourse with his fellow (male) patrol heads, the certain type of person attracted to his vehicle (“Cops just call them ‘ugly’”) and the absurdity of his protective pseudonym. That all and more make the very male movie funnier than it also celebrates.

Meanwhile, a wickedly subversive homoerotic subplot between the Marshall and Sheriff further undermines all the subduced machismo to which Charlie half-heartedly asserts. Charlie’s car may be preserved from the '60s, but much as he will soon be forced to ditch it for a newer model, this film uproots the sensibilities of the classic American road movie for an altogether more postmodern age.

All road movies involve a journey with

dimensions, but here the plot is secondary to surreal, quirky characters, pre-dropping sharp lines and some *Twinkie*-like exercises of dialogue as each passing question as to which ethnic group members would at least encapsulate in half-fucked up pH?

So concentrate on, and laugh at, a film that always feels in the moment. **ANTON RITES**

ANTICIPATION, Days and their cars

2

ENJOYMENT... and this film makes both. Interestingly

3

IN RETROSPECT, THIS wickedly postmodern road-rode caper rides a fine line between cool and stale movie

3

Hysteria

Directed by TANYA WEXLER
Starring MAGGIE GYLLENHALL,
HUGH DONALD, JONATHAN PRYCE
Reopened SEPTEMBER 21



Three men are approaching a woman's vagina wearing driving goggles. Her legs, bound up in strange and occasionally striped in red velvet and gold trim, front the shot as they approach her with terror. Inscribed before them are “The Squealer,” “The Sustainer” and “The Electric Manager”—the latter being the prototype machine used to help rid women of hysteria by “purgeon.” Within her entrails, the woman, legs spread, is screaming, singing and giggling high on the ecstasy of orgasm.

Mortician Gervaise (Hugh Donald) is a determined young doctor in London who, unable to keep a job in the established hospital system in his radical revisionist and “green theory,” joins Robert Daltysdale (Jonathan Pryce), London’s leading specialist in women’s medicine. He assumes the bizarre role of curing patients suffering from mysterious “hysteria” by clinically and curiously masturbating them until they

reach orgasm.

Scene after scene of Gervaise fiddling between woman’s legs, arms wagging frantically while a polite upper lip negates the implied smut down below, is presented by director Tanya Wexler without much in the way of self-joking. And yet, as thanks to these scenes—and there really are many of them—that *Hysteria*, almost by accident, shifts into a surreal regular R-rated, for a film about the liberation and demonstration of women’s sexuality, the use of women’s liberation and the decline of most, unassumable diagnostics, *Hysteria* is far too mechanical, timid and unadmonishing.

True, it reflects the attitude of the times, but for a romantic comedy made in 2012, it does little to challenge the residue of these ideas that still haunt mainstream filmmaking today. For both female leads, Wexler relies on the stock characteristics of the believed period

rom-com, showcasing sweet (Ruthie Jones) or stubborn sass (Maggie Gyllenhaal), reproducing with ease the Madonna/whore dichotomy. The result is a strongly actioned, shallow comedy about sexiness, and there’s really no fun in that. **BASILEE ANDOWSKA/CE MURKIN**

ANTICIPATION. Of purely historical interest in the invention of the sex toy of course

3

ENJOYMENT. Dressed in kink, sex and hire, this historical rom-com feels too trifling

2

IN RETROSPECT. Maggie Gyllenhaal channels Emma Thompson on heat. No sex

2

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White
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The Sweeney

Directed by NICK LOVE

Starring REX DYER, RAY WINSTONE, HAYLEY ATWELL

Released SEPTEMBER 12

REVIEWS

London cop drama *The Sweeney* revolutionized the genre when it aired on TV in the 1970s, introducing audiences to gritty violence, moral ambiguity and extreme victimizing as personified by detective Regan and Carter (John Thaw and Dennis Waterman). The show now seems very much a product of its time, but arch-as-fuck Nick Love has still opted to subvert that property for a new generation. The results are mixed.

Opening from a gleaming white-of-the-art tower block in London's Square Mile, Love's modern flying squad gives an elite unit of roughneck cops given to gleefully brutal and graphic acts on the plus. Top man Regan (Ray Winstone) is a product of the old school, with a quick temper and a callousness group of his own moral rectitude. When a sweeney is murdered in a jeweler's shop heat, the *Sweeney* retaliate, though they face opposition from a nebulous superior (Steven Mackintosh) who's bent in their hairy-handed tactics.

A close-cropped Winstone, who's worked his ample body into a bizarre state of muscular corpulence, spends the duration of the film charging around in a volcanic funk. His Regan is as nuanced as an axed to the face, but he's a real presence. He's also *The Sweeney*'s biggest

problem. Love is obstinately in thrall to Regan, glorying in his hot-finger use of violence and subversion to the extent that any meaningful interpretation of his morality is cloaking by sheer absurdity.

More troubling is the manner in which the film sacrifices its female characters in order to marginalize us into swallow Regan's barbaric actions, with Leeanna Ternay's Carter subsumed in an unconvincing, thud-drawn counterweight. Love further loads the dice in favor of Regan by painting Mackintosh's superior as little more than a scumbag. He's a fine actor, but his one-dimensional role fits squarely into Love's matrix of retrograde masculinity. He's not really a man, argues Love, because he can't fuck his wife (that's also a job for Regan, who's having an affair with her), rather a toothless product of a mangled culture that won't let proper coppers get on with their jobs.

It's a horribly reactionary stance made less palatable by the film's singular lack of wit and its indifference in *Nostromo* border. Although offensive, Love on the grounds of profiling nonlinear sexual politics is like taking a late-night lurch to task for being full of cheap meat: it's just the way it is, and I can't deny you

Furthermore, while Love, aging the digitally stark nasal sensibility of latter day Michael Mann's shoots London with an intriguing bluntness, his capital city lacks the noirish sense of place of, say, *Withnail & I*. Dexter Fletcher's social lament for an East London colonized by the Olympics. A landscape with potential is wasted on a role plot that proposed with smirking villainy and grandiose head-shaking.

The action sequences are handled with grim competence and the supporting performances are decent, but one can't help wonder as to the contemporary significance of all this. Why did it need to happen? There's no compelling reason. **ASHLEY CLARK**

ANTICIPATION. Get your cameras out, mas. You're coming to see a potentially unnecessary remake.

ENJOYMENT.
Toughish and repetitive.

IN RETROSPECT.
Sweeney? Pasty, user filth.

2

2

2



Savages

Directed by OLIVIER STONE

Starring AARON JOHNSON, TAYLOR KITSCH, BLAKE LIVELY

Released SEPTEMBER 28

Two years after Oliver Stone revisited the capacious world of finance in *Wall Street 2: Money Never Sleeps*, he explores a different but no less amoral business environment in *Savages*—Mexico's drug war. But rather than strive for the political breadth and complexity of, say, Steven Soderbergh's *Zodiac*, Stone seems content to indulge in the cheap, immediate satisfactions of sex and violence. Which would be fine, if only the result weren't so overwhelmingly stupid.

Our heroes are former soldier, Chon (Taylor Kitsch), and hoodlum botanist, Ben (Aaron Johnson), for whom things look pretty sweet. When they're not running an illicit, multi-million-dollar marijuana dealership, they're hanging around their deluxe oceanfront pad in Tijuana Beach and taking turns to share fluids with comical girlfriend, Ofelia, known simply as 'O' (Blake Lively). But when a vicious Mexican drug cartel lays eyes on their business, things take a darker turn.

The pair's reluctance to work with the cartel results in O being kidnapped by cartel强盗 Lado (Hernán Del Torn) and held captive by big boss Illoca (Salma Hayek). The

boys swear they'll do as the Mexicans say, while hatching a plan to save O and bring down the cartel from the inside.

There's a decent pulp thriller buried somewhere inside *Savages*, and it occasionally comes to the surface, usually when Del Torn's douchy, conflicted psychopath slithers onto the screen. Both he and Jake Travolta (as a crooked DEA agent) have fun cheating the economy, and an explosive raid on a cartel hideout shows that Stone's talent for thrilling action sequences hasn't deserted him.

But the film fails to build momentum. Stone has remembered to bring a grab bag of stylistic flourishes recycled from *National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation*—colored filters, angled shots, sped-up sequences. Spectacular violence seems to classical music—but has forgotten to give his characters any depth, or his narrative any sense of urgency. The central relationships are so unglamorous—Ben, conflicted; Chon, pragmatic, O, naive—that their relationship doesn't feel real, and their pretension is cliffted to care about. That the film sustains any kind of tension at all is down to Lado's propensity for sudden acts of sadistic violence.

And it's all as aggressively dumb. When the girls are forced to the Mexican and the

Californians each think of the other as strong, you get the sense that Stone will build up some raw sex and mutual respectability between the two. But it's quickly discarded. You're never in doubt which side to root for, or invited to condemn Chon and Ben's shallow lifestyle.

Slowly, the film builds towards a ultimate face-off that Stone botches with a tasteless burst of giddiness and a cop-out ending. He's never been the most subtle filmmaker on the block, but he would benefit from crafting his audience with some level of intelligence, at least as far as this movie is concerned. After all, we're not savages. **DAN STEWART**

ANTICIPATION Stone fails in the Mexican drug cartels. *Expect blood and digest by cutting* **4**

ENJOYMENT Bloody and emotionally far, but dumber than a box of rocks **3**

IN RETROSPECT A disappointing dip in the director's *cool* *Forgettable* **2**

About Elly

Directed by ASGHAR FARHADI
Starring GOULASHTEH FARAHANI,
SHABAB MOUSSEINI,
TARANEH ALAHDOTI
Reopened SEPTEMBER 14



Ashgar Farhadi becomes a new name in the pantheon of world cinema when his *Sala, A Separation*, quietly rose to prominence during the 2011 awards season. That picture's international recognition was as welcome as it was surprising, and the happy side effect of its success is the long-overdue US release of *About Elly*, the film Farhadi made immediately before his breakthrough. It's another complex, enthralling drama that has been written and directed with rare skill. It proves that *A Separation* was no fluke.

It's a film about secrets and lies, although Farhadi takes his time to reveal the story's true nature. The leisurely first half-hour plays with a light touch as a group of sophisticated young Iranians embark on a languid holiday, with Sepideh (an outstanding Golshifteh Farahani) having an ulterior mischievous purpose for inviting her wistful single friend Elly (Taraneh

Alaheidot) to join the party. Farhadi's infinite dexterity allows us to enjoy their company and appreciate the natural, charming performances he elicits from the ensemble. Our attachment to these characters ensures that the impact is considerable when they're upstaged with an audience twist.

Of course, we will say no more about this development. It's sufficient to reveal that Farhadi handles this narrative volte-face with extraordinary deftness, instantly transforming a good-humored tale into a tense mystery in which shifting group dynamics ensure the audience remains off balance. *About Elly* is extremely receptive in its depiction of ordinary people under intense pressure, as they talk, the well-meaning characters only succeed in adding layers of deceit to original lies.

It's easy to see *About Elly* as a film embracing the culture of deception in Iranian society, but

Farhadi keeps such political commentary as subtle. First and foremost, his film is a gripping human drama, one that poses serious moral questions while challenging our preconceptions in every turn. **PHIL COVACANDIS**

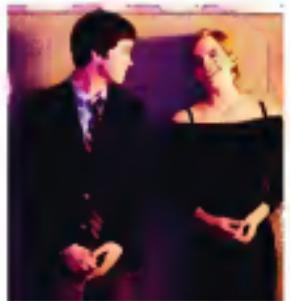
ANTICIPATION. *A Separation* **3**
fans will surely be intrigued by the director's earlier offering, but why has it been shelved for so long?

ENJOYMENT. Farhadi never **4**
names a beat, taking his tale into increasingly gripping territory

IN RETROSPECT. A remarkable **4**
film that deserves as much acclaim as Farhadi's several winners

The Perks of Being a Wallflower

Directed by STEPHEN CHOBOSKY
Starring LOGAN LERMAN,
EMMA WATSON, EZRA MILLER
Reopened OCTOBER 3



Stephen Chbosky leads his shaky directorial hand to the adaptation of his own bestselling Young Adult novel, a whimsical remembrance of the joys and breakdowns of his high-school years. Dispensing with a linear plot, the film is comprised of a series of gauzy eyed episodes, not a single one of which would look out of place in your average episode of *Orphan Black* or *The Wheeler Years*.

Logan Lerman plays Charlie, a hyper-sensitive culturist who falls in with a crowd of older rejects, among them Ezra Miller's precocious psychopath, Patrick, and Emma Watson's impulsive dream girl, Sam. Throughout the film, Charlie ploughs his way through the pantheon of classic American literature, the suggestion being that his life magically mirrors the books he's reading. So one minute he's Jay Gatsby, yearning for the hand of the seemingly unattainable Sam. Then he's Sal Paradise, whacked out on LSD and making snow angels in the driveway. Later he's Holden Caulfield, at once publicly dazed and privately dependent, and then he's Harry Dresden, left alone to take stock of life and loneliness.

While the concept itself is neat, the film suffers badly from a weak sense of humor and near-total lack of awareness of the high-school genre. Its cast of characters, too, are all wised archetypes, from the jock with the

secret love life to the yuppie alter ego best friend to the inspirational teacher to the stern but loving parents. Miller steals the film whenever he's on camera, his natural energy and lack of self-consciousness lifting the thin material. But it's not enough.

And we've really got to have a moratorium on movies in which teenagers talk about how cool they think they are. It makes the film and its characters look deeply uncool and disconnected. Nobody ever talks about how cool The Smiths are. They never have and they never will. Get over it. **DAVID JENKINS**

ANTICIPATION. *Wall-E* **3**
will it be affected by the curse of *Poison*?

ENJOYMENT. A clever example of **2**
jerkbait is concealed by a whole lot of wacky, wacky stage opera

IN RETROSPECT. *Sex and the **2**
infinitely appetizing* *The Myth of the American Sleepover* for on original and moving take on similar material!



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Tabu

Directed by MIGUEL GOMES
Starring TERESA MAORIGA, LAURA SOVERAL, CARLOTO COTTA
Released SEPTEMBER 7

REVIEWS

How do movies inspire our memories? It's a question nestled at the (ghosted) heart of Miguel Gomes' melancholic monochrome masterpiece, *Tabu*, a film which gives life to a rhapsodic pageant of death, desire, dashed romance, cloud spotting, Spectre-inflected pop and bittersweet pelvic credulities. With a considerate approach to science that only a whimsically unfocused filmmaker could get away with, this film posits that, at a certain point in life, our minds begin to romanticise and subvert the past, fusing our bittersweet personal histories with the consoling escaped histories of the older screen. *Tabu* is about life remembered as an adventure.

Glossing back, Gomes' diverse catalogue of film makes him a tough director to pin down, especially as his style, reference points, choice of film stock and storytelling mode appear to alter from title to title. Yet his expertise to plot his stories through various states of perception – reality, dreams, memory and fantasy – is perhaps the thread that lends his singular oeuvre its cohesion.

In that light, his breezily eccentric debut feature, *The Pier* (2000), deserved to be more interesting when viewed in hindsight, a Rivetante reverie about a school teacher who constructs the memories and experiences a Seven Dwarfs-style fever dream as his fortieth birthday. His stunning 2006 follow-up, *Our Beloved Month of August*, contained substantial subtlety to rival the former's over-spilling edit in Gabinete's 2003 *A Space Odyssey*. Now the half-way mark, Gomes' film successfully subverts being a documentary about rural Portuguese life; more to a fiction film about Portuguese folk memories.

Tabu keenly carries over this innovation in that this film of two distinct chapters, the first entitled 'Paradise' and the second 'Paradise Lost', is tantamount of an unapologetic narration in fiction. *Tabu* switches from realism to fantasy, from waking life to dream, from the banal to the exotic, the modern to the exotic, from 3D to 2D. It moves from life to cinema.

Initially we're allowed to catch up with the harnessed home life of the do-gooding Pier

(Teresa Maoriga) as her desperate attempts at self-purification are constantly thwarted by the retentions of heratty elderly neighbour, the father/grandfather Max (António Lopes/lover). Her tumultuous matings are guarded by both Pier and her long-suffering Cape Verdean housemaid, Soraia (Joséfa Mafalda Cardoso). On her deathbed, Amaro reveals the name and address of a mysterious local area, Vilafranca, and as Pier and Soraia sit in the atrium of a tropical-themed shopping centre, he reveals them with a bittersweet tale of heartbreak and loss that occurred 40 years previously on the picturesque seashore of a fictional Alentejo state and in the vast shadow of Mount Ida.

Through its sweeping sound half-reels such classical badminton as John Ruth's *Magnolia*, Frank Henenlotter's *A Farewell to Arms* or even Max Ophüls' *Letter to an Unknown Woman*, Gomes' discernible cinephile tendencies (he used to be a critic) are never didactic or pretentious. His skill as a filmmaker is in using the quote music variable. He enunciates the words of these films rather than referencing them point-blank. His film also shares this filic (and much sombre) baggage with PW Mauá's 1987 award-winner, *Tabu: A Story of the Southern Seas*, and alongside its bracingly sombre depiction of dislocated young love, it shares Mauá's subtle backdoor of acoustic/sound exploitation from the West.

As a writer, Gomes displays a very appealing interest in folklore and social history, especially when it comes to forging his own sprawling tall tales. The world of *Tabu* accounts for the malleability of memory, and though this history does address some of the realities of Portuguese colonialism, it's flooded with images, mosaics and temporal slippage at hand. The narration of the second half (which he also intones) is a model of literate, gestural literary adventure storytelling, and it's an aspect that dovetails nicely with screen earlier in the film in which Soraia sits up at night, leafing through a copy of Belo's *Johnson's Crone*.

Despite its iconic employment of Brechtian cultural signifiers, *Tabu* really does channel the intoxicating, unmistakable mood of classical

Hollywood of the 1940s. The gauzy effect of the film stock and the use of a 3:3 Academy ratio map believably transport you back to the golden age, but it's the film's gorgeous high-contrast cinematography that lends the narrative rader punch. One scene sees Vilafranca lit against a dark moon, staring out at the sun-blashed plains. The interplay between light and shadow is, in itself, utterly exquisite. It makes you think that Gomes has managed to resurrect the spirit of Gregg Toland and transplant it into *Tabu's* body.

On the soundtrack, Gomes immediately works in out-of-time pop songs via an amazing subplot involving a banjo-clad lounge combo named Mauá's Band. A scene where they fire up along the side of a swimming pool and name along to the Romanesque 'Wolf of Sound' cover of 'Baby, I Love You' offers a sublime articulation of Gomes' authentic love of sentimental pop music, already seen in his *Beloved Month of August*. A later romantic clutch is lifted over into romantic sadness by masterful application of a Portuguese version of 'The Rose' (as 'My Baby'). You can almost envision Gomes sitting on the cold concrete of a glistening swimming, momentarily submerging his fat stage and reclining to his colleagues 'Time to push it over the top, boys.'

4

ANTICIPATION. Can the Portuguese boy wonder captivate us as the critical career winds up? *Our Beloved Month of August?*

5

ENJOYMENT. Gomes' A one-man-to-bear. Gomes' knows it's not the park, only for the yell to crash another park and power out of that one too.

5

IN RETROSPECT. The flashback structure means that multiple viewings are a must. Just breathtaking.



Miguel Gomes



When picking up a prize for technical innovation at the 2012 Berlin Film Festival for his remarkable new film, *Tabu*, Portuguese director Miguel Gomes joked that, in fact, he was attempting to make an old movie. Here, he explains how this film – an ode to the archaic that is both earnest and ironic – channelled his desire to shoot on celluloid, possibly for the last and only time in his career.

There was a film that was made in the way that films were made at the beginning of the appearance of cinema. That means black-and-white. I didn't want to shoot on digital and remove the colours. I wanted to do things in the same way that directors had done before me, directors like FW Murnau. I wanted to shoot in this aspect that [Avant-garde] that existed before television appeared. Cinema wanted to compete with television as they went wide. But for 50, 60 years, all these were square.

One of the reasons I made this film was because I guessed that this was one of the last chances to get to shoot on celluloid. The film deals with things that are on the verge of disappearing. It's a little about memory. You have this character who dies – she literally disappears – and that gives life to a new, lost civilization, a Portuguese colony in Africa that had it does not exist any more. In the part of the film I decided to use a style of cinematic dialogue that has also become extinct. That can be called 'silent' cinema, but it can also be called 'classical American' cinema. I wanted to base everything around a material that you cannot in the history of cinema – which is film stock. It's also something that is disappearing.

It was in Cannes with my cinematographer, Rui Pópa, and we were watching a film shot in black and white. It was a film by Philippe Garrel called *Regular Lovers*, from 2008. It's also a film shot on ghosts. I said to Rui, 'Do you want to do a black and white film? Could you manage to do something like this?' We knew that that would be one of the last chances we would get. We said that if viewers noticed the black and white, then we had failed to do a good job.

We used silence in the first part of the film and then in the second, definitely the other, it has more gaps. In the second part it's harder and has more gaps, it's more volatile, more vaporous. I thought that would be nice as it's a story being told, a reconstruction. We wanted things to be less solid than the first part of the film. Before we started filming, I showed my crew *Bringing Up Baby* by Howard Hawks because it's black and white and has a legend around it.

The reason I made this film now is because, some pragmatically, I am not particularly available to these characters. One of the reasons I chose to do this film is because there was a relative of mine who told me a bunch of stories relating to the building she was living in. She had a specific neighbour who was always coming over to her apartment and complaining about the African maid. It was all in florid, it gives. Yet all these ridiculous stories are very small and intimate. They're not like the second half of the film where you get rock bands or romantic crocodiles or forbidden love stories. It was a very small world with ordinary people in it. Old people. I think I was touched by the potential of these characters who were doing all they do in a previous age. These are people living a life without adventure, and that's why they have this longing, this desire for adventure. It is, of course, what the second part of the film will provide.

I know that older people, if their brain is working properly, can remember more than the younger generation. That's for sure. So cinema is like old people. It remembers many things. I tried to teach on the occasions I got when I watch old films. One of the things I'm really into is trying to recover something that we are missing in cinema. It's something that disappeared in a very natural way. And that is innocence. An example of this is when the Tarkovsky brothers showed the train coming into the station and the audience physically jumped out of their seats.

I think that in the early years of cinema, audiences were more open to revisiting childhood experiences. When we grow up, we lose our innocence. What is magnificent about cinema is that it can transport us back to a time when we believed in more things than we do now. We are aware of film history, but never the innocence.

Bringing Up American cinema is very realistic and naturalistic and I don't feel that interviewing like to see very artificial film where reality is reproduced. Cinema will never be able to capture reality. That's why I have all these artificial elements in this film. And if you can be moved by that, it's even better than if you're moved by something real.

Premium Rush

Directed by DAVID KIEPP
Starring JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT,
MICHAEL SHANNON, JAMIE CHUNG
Released SEPTEMBER 14



The world's most thrilling form of transport gets the year's most suspenseful film in David Kiepp's *Premium Rush*, a movie about fixed-gear bike couriers who zoom around New York City delivering packages and measuring honest claims. It also features扁ly the worst piece of dialogue in the history of cinema, delivered by Dennis Banbury, who picks up the phone and yells, "I need a flashback, like, five minutes ago?" No, Dennis, you needed a flashback, like, five years ago if you wanted to sound relevant.

Ironically for a film in which Joseph Gordon-Levitt dispenses such jewels as, "The bike wants to go fast" and, "Bikes are death," everything about *Premium Rush* feels out of time. Kiepp dabbles with a kind of '80s videotape vibe reminiscent of *Drugstore*, and there's a nod toward the cell phone culture that's got the kids' going crazy. But it's all desperately note and jolts.

In a happier time, Premium Rush would have been an '80s VHS classic starring John Candy and some fresh-faced teens slacking it to the max before saving the bike shop and partying out the final credits with a hand-in-hand line. Here, we're left with JGL, vainly wrangling his way through a hideously script that sees him taking on Michael Shannon's corrupt egg while helping to reunite a (legal) Chinese immigrant family.

Gordon-Levitt's career may be the one called "Wilco" (as in "cavort"), but Shannon is the curmudgeon character in this debacle, evoking the kind of gurning non-role that you thought he stopped taking two years ago. And here's the thing he did: *Premium Rush* has actually been sitting on a shelf while the filmmakers resolved a copyright lawsuit. That little brouhaha is, alas, far more disastrous than anything that has actually made it to the screen.

Kiepp, better known as a top-tier writer for *Entourage*, throws plenty of tricks at the screen, and he has *10! Milepost! Assessments* (a follow-up budget prop) saturate everything in wordy primary colors. But there's little sense of pace despite countless shots of spinning wheels. Fixed-gear bikes might not be able to crawl, but filmmakers? That's another matter. **MATT RICHENSKI**

ANTICIPATION. Let's hope for an improvement for this one. **In 2010**

3

ENJOYMENT. *Cheerfully rocoq!*

2

IN RETROSPECT. A VHS classic from another age, but times have changed

2

Big Boys Gone Bananas!*

Directed by FREDRIK GERTTER
Starring FREDRIK GERTTER,
ALEX RIVERA, ALFONSO ALLENDE
Released SEPTEMBER 23



What do you do when you make a film exposing the unsavory operations of a multinational corporation, only to be threatened with a hefty lawsuit weeks before you're due to hit the festival circuit hoping to secure international distribution? Make a film about it, of course.

In 2009, Swedish documentary maker Fredrik Gertter followed a court case in which a group of Norwegian plantation workers successfully sued Dole Food Company, Inc. for use of a banned pesticide that apparently made them sterile. After becoming source of the resulting film, *Bananas!*, and Gertter's plan to launch it at the Los Angeles Film Festival, Dole, determined not to let their name be tarnished any further, slapped Gertter with a cease and desist order on the grounds that he was peddling a gross fabrication.

Bananas! is an intriguing look at what happens when the little guy stands his ground, a David versus Dole sort of story if you will, in which Gertter and his producers leave up and take on the largest food manufacturer on the planet. As the conflict escalates, Gertter looks to be in serious danger of being nailed to the wall, but he keeps his camera rolling and captures every ugly detail of the bloodthirsty spin campaign that targeted at him.

And yet, despite Gertter coming across as an amazingly unflappable and altogether decent bloke, you really start to question whether there's an ulterior agenda at play here. The sweet song for *Bananas!* was that the publicity drummed up by Gertter's legal battle ultimately ensured that his film reached much wider audiences than it otherwise would

have. But *Bananas!* seems pre-occupied with raising its own profile through constant self-reflexivity, while being far less interested in thoroughly scrutinizing the bullying brand tactics employed by faceless corporate giants. **ADAM WOODBINE**

ANTICIPATION. Something about bananas?

2

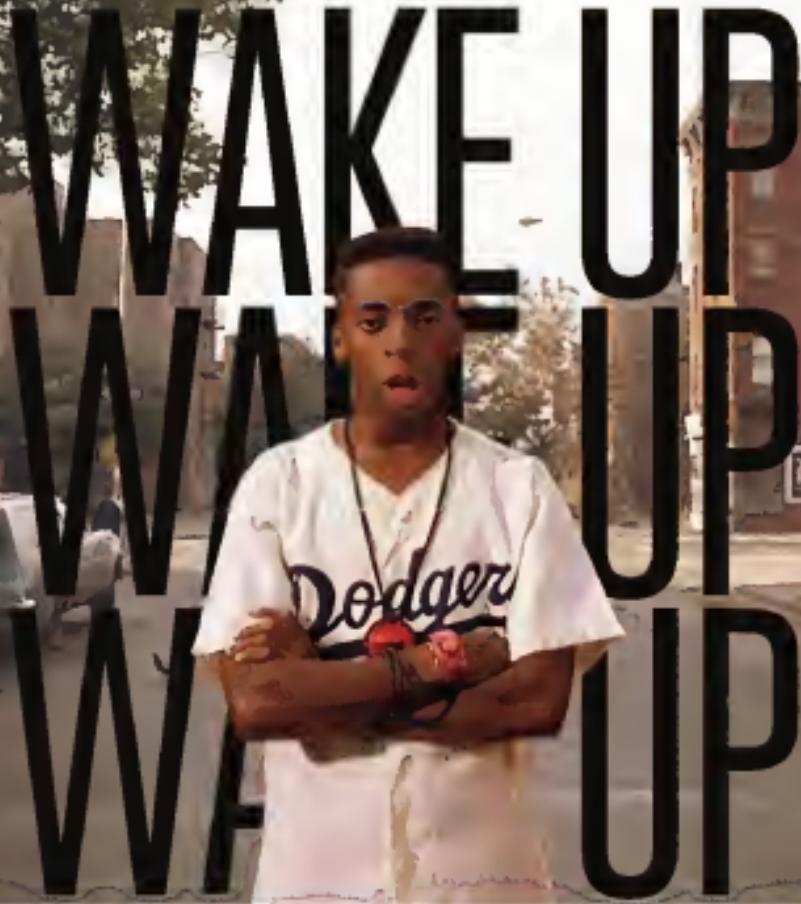
ENJOYMENT. An engagingly if slightly reductive crusade for freedom of speech

3

IN RETROSPECT. Interesting enough that there's nothing here a Wikipedia page wasn't tell you

2

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To Rome with Love

*Directed by WOODY ALLEN
Starring PENÉLOPÉ CRUZ, JESSE EISENBERG, WOODY ALLEN
Released SEPTEMBER 14*

Woody Allen stumbled onto a surprise hit with 2011's *Midnight in Paris*, in which an author writes back in time to magically transport to the City of Light circa 1920, where he hobnobs with the likes of Ernest Hemingway and Louis Armstrong. Despite the film's supposed critique of living in the past, it mostly got off by illustrating in an airbrushed version of an overly idealized time and place that for all the film's conceptual intricacies, a winning lead performance by Owen Wilson and some few wacky cultural references made it surprisingly watchable.

Alas, no such compensatory qualms mark the Woodman's latest, the nonetheless *To Rome with Love* (in the measure of the film's balance in the appearance of the writer/director/actor himself). Playing Jerry, a refined movie producer, he is introduced on a transatlantic flight doing his classic neurotic stink, cowering in terror whenever the plane hits turbulence. When he arrives in Rome with his wife to meet his daughter's Italian beau and family, Jerry baulks at his putative in-laws' left-leaning politics, worrying that his little girl is marrying into a family of communists. You, we're not supposed to take him very seriously; and his viewpoint is countered by more reasonable voices, but the fact that

Allen's fiscal gambling still seems to be locked into a Cold War mindset says everything about just how out of touch his approach now is.

One could enumerate the usual litany of complaints about Allen's narrow, privileged conception of the world (the fact that the Eternal City, like Paris and New York before it, is reduced to pretty cutouts again), but *To Rome with Love* actually puts the filmmaker's ambivalence about materialism and fame front and center. Jerry himself may equate money and happiness, but in the film's four non-interlocking narratives, these concerns are given slightly more varied treatment.

In one storyline, an ordinary middle-aged Roman (Giovanni Belotti) wakes up to find himself a sudden celebrity for an good reason: Son, news crews are taking shot every detail of his life, while filiming band activities so they were major events. Not only does this slight comedy seem like a rebirth of former Allen moments (remember the *boxcar Bertha*?), but its consciousness of the fleeting nature of celebrity is both obvious and undeveloped to the point where the segments immediately feels more routine than original.

The other narratives, involving a young architecture student falling for a celebrity-obsessed actress, a newlywed who has to

pretend to be married to a whore (Penélope Cruz, once more typeset by Allen), and Jerry again, who conceives of a plan to take an Italian songwriter on stage singing in the shower, deal more or less with the same themes, reaching a variety of perfunctory conclusions through their own laugh-motivated storylines.

As the film drags to an end, the it's no surprise indication of the lack of inspiration than Cruz's hooker enacting the Sistine Chapel and cracking a joke about how, like Michelangelo painting the ceiling of that structure, she too can her living body on her back. Allen's juvenile sex jokes, like his worldview, have suffered rather than evolved. **ANDREW SCHENKEL**

ANTICIPATION. *How will Allen follow up the biggest hit of his career?* **3**

ENJOYMENT. *There are plenty of storylines that few thought this one could.* **2**

IN RETROSPECT. *The film's history of bad ideas overshadowed any of its thematic concerns.* **2**



Husbands (1970)

Directed by JOHN CASSAVETES

Starring BEN GAZZARA, PETER FALK, JOHN CASSAVETES

Released SEPTEMBER 28

Seldom available on any home video format in the UK, and long eschewed by his detractors as typifying the auteur's tendencies towards self-indulgence, *Husbands* isn't the most ideal entry point for those unfamiliar with the films of John Cassavetes. The director's most absolutely inaccessible picture, it uses three pals tumble through a bizarre '70s girls' feel-good mid-life crisis over the course of a weekend retreat to London following the death of a close friend. If Cassavetes' more than accurate in his goal to depict the American man without any camouflage, he also offers perhaps the most radical distillation of his commitment as a filmmaker.

Cassavetes believed that narrative should always be in service to behaviour. Through the search for emotional truth as performance, that behaviour would ultimately become all the narrative we needs. It was an approach that had led to huge international acclaim with his previous feature, 1968's *Rio*, but Cassavetes' dogged refusal to bow to any form of narrative convention with *Husbands* – especially in the face of what appeared to be studio approval after a screening of the film's first edit – ended in critical and commercial disaster after a year spent cutting the film beyond the recognition of anyone else involved.

It's unlikely we'll ever see the 164-minute cut of *Husbands* that premiered in mass soft-sell

at the San Francisco Film Festival, let alone the director's preferred 225-minute original. Cassavetes shot over 300 hours of footage over the course of a production that eventually ballooned to 23 weeks, running out of money numerous times throughout. For Cassavetes' financial concerns were always secondary to allowing himself and his cast the time to discover what they give screen *versus* really about.

Whether through an extended series of re-writes, rehearsals, multiple takes or re-shoots Cassavetes saw nothing wrong with building a rough-hewn movie. Cassavetes' Rorschach, being 400 cuts to 200 minutes then discarding the footage when he felt it no longer served what he wanted to say. Cassavetes eventually re-cut the film without his approval, removing a further 10 minutes from the 146-minute edit he had finally delivered. This is the only version that survives today.

Husbands is not a film without its longeurs, particularly in an early barroom sing-song scene but it's impossible to take away the effect the director's method had on his cast. Peter Falk, Ben Gazzara and Cassavetes himself give remarkable performances, robustly unentitled and often un sympathetic, their characters walk a knife's edge between ego and less, showing us the 'adult condition' in its ugliest form. The non-professional female cast prove even more of a revelation, particularly Jerry Stiller as Cassavetes' one-night stand

The film may show the pains of its troubled post-production history when viewed as a whole, but there are moments that stand alongside this remarkable filmmaker's best. When Cassavetes said he was pleased with the work cuts the film provided – that at least had made the audience feel enough to take action against the picture – one senses he may have been feeling a wound or two. Perhaps unsurprisingly given the thorough trashing administered by his long-standing nemesis, film critic Pauline Kael, interviewed later, he'd tempered his response: "I think the picture is about people being just what they are and that's good enough." **MATT THIBERT**

ANTICIPATION: A long-awaited opportunity to re-assess Cassavetes' much maligned third feature

ENJOYMENT: Unapologetically un sympathetic, but a masterpiece in screen acting

IN RETROSPECT: *Husbands* may not be structurally perfect, but it's an unmitigated demonstration of raw, fear and masculinity *as it were*

Madagascar 3: Europe's Most Wanted

Directed by ERIC BAINNELL, TOM MCGRAE, CONRAD VERNON
Starring BEN STILLER, CHRIS ROCK, JADA PINKETT SMITH
Reopened OCTOBER 19



Private Peaceful

Directed by PAT O'CONNOR
Starring GEORGE MACKAY, ALEXANDRA BODDY, RICHARD GRIFFITHS
Reopened OCTOBER 12

Michael Morpurgo is the kind of guy who writes stories made for the big screen. Often studying relationships that have been tested in the face of adversity, his work always feels ripe for adaptation. And yet it's taken almost 10 years for his much-praised novel, *Private Peaceful*, to make its journey to celluloid. Must will this film open the door for catapulting Morpurgo's other, adored wartime fable, *War Horse*, into the limelight? For indeed, this one is cut from much the same cloth.

Told from the perspective of Thomas "Tommy" Peaceful (George MacKay) as the result of the First World War, the film takes us through the moments that have defined his life until now: his mother's death, his relationship with his brother Charlie (Jack O'Connell) and their friend Molly (Alexandra Boddy). Each episode brings us closer to the present in Finsbury Fields, on the eve of the Somme, where Charlie faces a court martial for desertion.

Christopher Nolan's *Inception* trilogy has finally wrapped, but there's another multi-million-dollar franchise that has the major number this year. *Madagascar 3* may lack the epic semi-political ambitions of *The Dark Knight Rises*, but the third film in DreamWorks' "animals go wild abroad" saga is, in light, airy filmmaking, the most pleasant stripe.

Like its prequels, *Europe's Most Wanted* focuses on the fortunes of Alex the Ibis (Ben Stiller), Marty the aher (Chris Rock), Melman the giraffe (David Schwimmer) and Gloria the hippo (Jada Pinkett Smith). Back in the heady days of the original *Madagascar* (2005), the motley crew escaped Central Park Zoo, and has been roving round Africa ever since, generating cross-generational, humour while trying unsuccessfully to return home.

Scarcely picking up where the first sequel, *Escape 2 Africa*, finished, the bluebogus will air legal trouble ditched in the desert by their erstwhile penguins and chain-chains in favour of a Monte Carlo-based get-rich-quick scheme. The fantastic possibilities presented by animation enable the four to overcome their arduous plight, though that is merely to clear the table for a host of new, more unlikely problems.

Rating: PG-13. Directed by several control



Director Pat O'Connor has taken his cues from the source material, arriving at a film that is unflinching in its account of the perils of a generation. But this is a story about an individual searching for answers, and Morpurgo's involvement as executive producer ensures little has been lost in translation. Like *War Horse*, the first act is life-giving, with Molly placed between the brothers, spicing up the dynamics.

When the instant comes, the human of war are shielded but the real enemy is closer to home: military leaders sending one edition orders for "cowardice" from the comfort of their stately houses (à la *Brave New World*); an upper echelon of society exploiting the unquestioning masses below. "Why would I shoot a German? I've never met a German," asks Charlie over dinner. It's a question that flags up war's ultimate absurdity and total destruction of human ideals.

Parts of the novel should be satisfied with O'Connor's handling of events; *Peaceful* succeeds by delicately moulding its characters long before

either Chantal Dufour with an empty spot marked 'her' above her mastpiece and a smoldering desire to make the most out of an eclectic mix of star voices. The most impressive new addition is Bryan Cranston, who plays just this sort of a tiger, Vitello Blundstone, his heady but toxic makes fail as complete as he is unusual.

Packed by everything from pop culture to clever wordplay to deadpan幽默, when scenes aren't being played for laughs, they're being played for gusto, earned via elaborate, cross-cut, set pieces. The film is neither plausible or tame, but this doesn't author the conclusion of usual drivel with sharp writing because it's trying to carry such an aggressive weight. **SOPHIE MONKS KUEPMAN**

ANTICIPATION: *Madagascar 3* made more money than sense. **2**

ENJOYMENT: *George* will artfully charm. *Interrupty*

IN RETROSPECT: A sugar high that irresistibly fades with time. **2**

we begin – a garb that pays dividends by the final act. Spielberg may have captured the cinematic grandeur of the Great War, but O'Connor confronts the real question about the human heart bearing within. **BRIAN LANGLEY**

ANTICIPATION: Morpurgo's wartime novel finds purpose built for the screen. However, O'Connor did direct *The Somnambulist*. **3**

ENJOYMENT: The episodic style is effective, with solid twists across the board and a shocking, poignant kicker.

IN RETROSPECT: Miserable peering grimly outside, this is a moving tale about humanity's deepest depths. **3**

The Expendables 3

As *The Expendables 2* crashes guns blazing onto cinema screens, David Jenkins, Adam Lee Davies and Paul Fairclough forge a blood-splattered blueprint for a possible second sequel...

ALD The Expendables 3 is all about women. It's the *Star Wars* Palin would take her children to. Every day.

BF So, the Expendables have retired in Alaska?

PF You, and some terrorists have take over an oil platform. Maybe it's under siege from radical environmentalists.

BF The *Primer* set. They've retired in Alaska.

ALD No, hippies! Or disaffected students from Seattle.

PF They're led by Charles Manson, who's been released by Obama.

ALD Well, he does like peyote rock.

BF So, a bunch of hippies have taken over an oil platform and some local bairdards are needed to take them down.

ALD Yes. It's The Grip meets Singha.

PF But they haven't just taken it over; they're threatening to cut off US oil supplies.

BF They're going to clog it up with human and being water.

PF What they don't realize is that they've been infiltrated by a member of the Taliban.

ALD Named Strangely Brown.

PF And Sealane and his crew are going to have to wipe out these college kids because they've been to oped.

ALD When he lands on the platform, grabs one of them and slices them up with a Bowie knife, he gets a call on his radio and someone says,

"Did you kill one of them?" and he says, "Yeah, wewe, never mind."

BF Can there be a scene where Jason Statham is securing the lower decks and he comes onto a cabin and slices up a group of AK Club-paddlers watching the *Guinea Pig Limited*?

PF The last scene of them in Alaska is where they bury the bodies of slaughtered peyotists.



PF Yes, and they've had around thinking fizzy pyro, and because the hippies have got so much bringin' them, they start to get high.

ALD Inhalin' bring off dead hipsters? I like it. And so would Sarah Palin.

PF Let's not forget the emotion. Stallone should be dropping a pretty young girl's corpse into the fire, and Statham says, "She's like the daughter you never had, girrrrr" and Stallone has a bit of a cry.

ALD Then Stallone says, "Oh I had her eatin' like you?"

BF So that's the prelogue. But I like the idea of humping off the liberal side mongering together. They have a meeting with Bruce Willis in his drive up plane to get their next mission and the new enemy is...

PF What about the Occupy movement?

ALD Nah, it's been done.

BF What about, it turns out that an all-female robin - the Expendables - have infiltrated city with anything?"

ALD Yes, and it turns out that Sly has to kill every woman in Greenwich Cemetery.

PF They're based in New York University, and for some reason Sly has to become a professor. He wants power but and butchers Fermi Boeller with a letter opener!

ALD *The Expendables 3: Mission NYU*

BF Dolph Lundgren is the dom

PF So who would be in the female Expendables?

BF Queen Latifah

ALD Michelle Pfeiffer

PF Aerial Lavigne

BF Susan Sarandon

PF Angelina Jolie or Drea de Matteo

ALD Ringo's slick.

[Type ends]

END CREDITS





Human, passionate and amirable



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Le problème des dimensions

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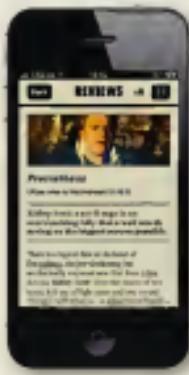
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What do you know about mining?

English Showbiz I don't want to sound pretentious, but I don't want to be in the entertainment industry, I don't. I want to be a performer, I only know I just want to do stories that are worth being told. You take any good whatever, but it's like there's kind of a common good, there's a common curiosity. It's something, you do get to understand it. But as an actor you get to personally get as close to that experience as you possibly can. You actually, literally, walk in their shoes.

Garrett Nevelska James. We. What do I
know about women I love... I think,
right off the top, it'd be the ability
to escape. I think Tennessee Williams is
the Queen. Meierhofer captured it best
with the windmill being able to leave
his job at the factory, his mother and
his inconstant sister to go to the movies.
Finally, I have found myself doing and
want to escape present-time troubles.
and tribulations and trials and joys
and vicissitudes, you go to the work
and you get to get away from your present
problems.

200

— DES MOINES

The Kansas state seal, featuring a central shield with a plow, a sheaf of wheat, and a sunburst, surrounded by a circular border with the words "THE STATE OF KANSAS".

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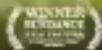
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